MELODIES OF MOOD AND TENSE

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My dear Mr. Kennedy:

You were once so kind as to honor me with a beautiful production of your artistic pencil and brush, permit me, "after many days," to make a slight return of your thoughtful compliment in the form of this work of my pen

Believe me ever

Very Sincerely Yours,

Charles H. A. Esling

Philadelphia.

November 1. 1894

Charles H. A. Esling

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MELODIES

OF

MOOD AND TENSE

BY

CHARLES H. A. ESLING,

A.M., LL.B.

Grant ye Powers benign that I,
Now that none profane is nigh,
Now that mood and moment please,
Find the fair Pierides.

Austin Dobson.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES H. WALSH,
1037 Walnut Street.
1894.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Austin Dobson's beautiful little "Garden Song" for the apt quotations forming the catches to the title-page and separate divisions of this book. Also to Mr. Henry J. Thouron for the beautiful initial design for the poem "From the Tower of St. Ann's, Gloucester, Mass.," to Mr. Victor J. Petry for sketch of design for cover, and to Dr. Hugh Algernon Clarke for original music.

Copyright, 1894,
BY
CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

Exegi monumentum . . .
Quod non . . .
Possuit diruere . . .
. . . innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.

HORACE.

To All Those

KINDRED AND AFFECTIONATE HEARTS

WHOSE LOVE AND LOYALTY

HAS BLESSED AND ENRICHED HIS

FIFTY YEARS OF LIFE

THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THESE

TABLETS OF SONG,

THE LIFE-WORK AND MEMORIAL OF

HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE,

JANUARY 21, 1895.

Presentation Edition, with special dedication page, fifty copies privately printed, of which this is number 43–

To D. J. Kennedy Esq
With kindest regards of
Charles H. A. Esling

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I.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

All the Seasons run their race,
In this quiet resting place.

Austin Dobson.

An Ode for St. Thomas's Day.

TO THE SUN ON HIS STANDING STILL AT CHRISTMAS.

St. Thomas's day is one of those untimelinesses which make an impression upon us. Bethlehem disappears, . . . and there is a fragrance of Easter, sights and sounds of the Risen Life, just when we are building the crib, in our hearts as well as in our churches. . . . *Ego sum resurrectio et vita;* that, too, is part of the feast. It was too great a joy for St. Thomas to believe, till the five wounds showed it him. —Rev. F. W. Faber D.D.

COME back, my Sun, my prodigal,
Break, break the Winter's icy thrall,
Throw off the darkness' gruesome pall,
Bright Phœbus, come!

Turn northward with thy car of fire,
Let thy steeds' nostrils balm respire,
Wake thou for us thy wind-swept lyre
O'er meads of bloom.

Why tarriest amid the limes?
Why dalliest in southern climes;
While northern firs make pantomimes
Of Summer green?

Out of the depths of deepest dark
We wait to hail thy herald spark;
Our hearts yearn for the song-beaked lark
That cleaves thy sheen.

For lo ! the zodiac Capricorn,
Uplifting now his starry horn,
Proclaimeth unto Nature's morn
Spring's jubilee.

Proclaimeth, too, the mystic hour
When ONE with sacerdotal power
Shall, with his blood's vivific shower,
The lost earth free.

Then wake ere Balaam's starry flame
Shall put thy tardiness to shame,
And all thy bright effulgence tame
With lucent swords.

For thee the fatted herds shall bleat,
The rills shall trip with dancing feet,
And earth shall spread her wine and wheat
On rose-decked boards.

For thou hast been to us as God,
The Gentiles kissed thy golden rod,
Wast thou not lord of sea and sod,
Of day and night?

But He approacheth now whose will
First bade thee all thy course fulfill,
And once o'er Gabeon stand still,
—He light of light,

The Sun of Justice that shall trace
For fallen man the paths of grace,
Whose cross's splendors thine shall chase
From Heaven's walls.

And thou must now his suzerain be,
Light's porter that with golden key
Unlocks the gates of ecstasy
To Summer halls.

No tongue-tied prophet must thou wait,
No voiceless priest at temple-gate :
Wake, with undimmed apostolate,
Faith's pæans of peace.

Already CHRIST the East hath flushed,
Thy Delphic oracles are hushed,
Thy statues overthrown and crushed
Through Rome and Greece.

Druid and Baalic rites are o'er,
Finished Zoroaster's starry lore,
Thy altar-fires on Egypt's shore
Are ashen drifts.

And lo ! upon Faith's radiant quest
The Magian kings with glowing zest
The Orient bring unto the West,
With mystic gifts.

Wilt thou, alone, be last to gild
The cave with gold and perfume filled?
Or wake to joy the earth song-thrilled
By midnight choirs?

Shall the dull shepherds' lantern-eye
With flickering gleam thy rays outvie,
And through the darkness Him descry
Who feeds thy fires?

Shall vaporous breath of ass and ox,
Or fleece of fold, or straw of flocks,
Be each the thing thy warmth that mocks?
—Or swathing-bands?

Else why with hesitating ray
Dost thou upon gloom's threshold stay?
Turn Winter's night to Summer's day
With magic hands!

Or is't thy light His presence shuns,
Whose mortal wounds shall be the suns
From which with rich effulgence runs
Faith's victory?

He knows not—He from whose pierced heart
Love's vivifying warmth shall dart,
The fount whence life and light shall start—
Thy rivalry.

A virgin mother's love-lit breast
That pilloweth His head to rest,
Her tender arms around Him prest,
Thy lack repairs.

She, lovelier than Aurora, far,—
Salvation's spotless morning star
That lured him o'er the heavenly bar,—
Thy raiment wears.*

But He whom sun and moon obey
Hath raised His sceptred Orient ray,
And thou must lead us on the way
To Glory's throne.

What though He hide His heavenly sheen,
We soon shall hear His voice serene:
Thrice blest are they who have not seen
Yet their Lord own.

DECEMBER 21, 1887.

* The woman clothed with the Sun.—*Apocalypse.*

ST. DOROTHY.

This is the story of St. Dorothy.
I will you of your mercy pray for me,
Because I wrote these sayings for your grace,
That I may one day see her in the face.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

I.

GENTLE Saint Dorothy, when about to die
The martyr's death, promised her ardent lover
That she in pledge would send him from the sky
A gift that would faith's brighter gift discover.
"Apples and roses, fairest spouse of Christ,"
Mocking, he said, "send from thy bridegroom's garden."
"Doubt not," she answered; "may thy soul enticed,
Theophilus, by sin, feel too His gracious pardon."

II.

For she had painted with inspired tones
His purer love who 'mid the lilies feeds,
Who goeth circled by His virgin zones,—
Himself the fairest blossom of the meads,—
Down to His bed of aromatic spices,
Then showing how earth's brightest things decay,
She sweetly scorned the tyrant's vain devices
That fade to dross and death 'neath Heaven's immortal ray.

III.

And so when heavenward her soul its flight
Forth from her torch-burned, bleeding body wended,
An angel came in form of infant bright,
Bringing a basket rare of fruits and flowers blended.
"These from Dorothea, to Theophilus, with greeting,"
Smiling, he said. Around lay winter's white,
Unto the Pagan's eyes the miracle completing,
Then on his darkened soul burst faith's new sudden light.

IV.

So, too, sweet Summer, when our earth she leaves,
By Autumn's torches burned, her blood the wine-press staining,
Our saddened spirits through faith's creed reprieves,
Her text, ripe fruits and flowers with myriad glories waning,
That while the fulness of earth's transient splendor
But mocks our souls with mortal joys' decay,
Our hearts may learn from these death-tokens tender,
To wait the promised bliss of God's own brighter day.

V.

And then, Saint Dorothy, as each recurring year
Thy festival* doth fall 'mid February snows,

* February 6.

Thy story sweet doth our sad spirits cheer,
As cheer the season bleak the Springtide's earliest glows.
"God's gifts unto God's lover,"* in the Autumn dyes,
As in hope's rainbow hues, lies love's tuition,
Like some fair cherub winging from the skies,
Spring bears the roses back and perfect faith's fruition.

A VALENTINE.

LIKE fairy queen with magic wand,
Spring waves her earliest golden beam,
And wakes within the ice-bound land
A vivifying summer dream.

So, Lady, one love-guided ray
Shed from thine eyes' empyrean blue,
Hath wakened in my heart's dull clay
A dream of joy and beauty new.

And singing hopes, like mating birds,
Are building them a downy nest;
From chords of thy unspoken words,
Within my swayed, expectant breast.

* The Greek proper name *Dorothea*, signifies the *Gifts of God*; *Theophilus*, a *Lover of God*.

While all the soul of Nature's stirred
  Canst thou insensible remain?
While joy-life throbs in bud and bird
  Wak'st thou but love akin to pain?

Train thy heart's tendrils with love's palm
  'Till mine are clasped in their embrace.
Beam, violet eyes, with Maytime balm,
  Bloom, rosy lips, with nectared grace.

PROCESSIONAL.

THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

YE birds of good Saint Valentine,
  Trim now a buoyant wing,
And waft from nests of fir and pine
  The message of the Spring.

Ye brittle clarions of the North,
  Through crystal arches ring:
At March's bidding herald forth
  The coming of the Spring.

Ye spearmen of the sun-god, lift
  Your lances glistening,
Through icy mound and snowy drift
  Break clearance for the Spring.

Ye frosted watchmen of the woods
  Your belfries *ting-a-ling ;*
Chime out ! don your green cloaks and hoods,
  To welcome back the Spring.

Ye violet and crocus-bud
  Your tiny censers swing,
And with your floral jewels stud
  The pathway of the Spring.

Ye sleeping rills, whose virgin breasts
  Give sky-dreams harboring,
Awake ! throw off your snowy vests
  To take the kiss of Spring.

Ye spirits of the sea and sky
  Your azure pennons fling.
Earth, spread thy verdant tapestry
  For tender feet of Spring.

Ye softened tendrils of the heart
  Let Hope each fibre string ;
For joy-notes that her touch doth start
  To greet the Lady Spring.

February, 1888.

VIOLETS.

A BIRTHDAY POEM, TO M. H. A.

WHEN March completes the Winter's reign,
So full of cold and grief and gloom,
How sweetly on the sterile plain
The violets begin to bloom.

Ere scarce a tuft of tender green,
Fit emblem of poetic hope,
Is on the outstretched landscape seen
Shrouded in desolation's cope.

In Lenten purple; meetly dressed,
They spring forth from the loosening sod,
Like messengers of mercy blest,
That bring peace from a pardoning God.

As from the ashes of our grief
Our souls, chained through sin's wintry night,
Rise up to breathe the fresh relief
Of Eastertide's salvation bright.

Not this the only lesson taught
By these first daughters of the Spring;
Their blue eyes speak full many a thought
Well worth our cheerful pondering.

Amid this wintry life of ours,
  Some chosen souls, on errand blest,
Come like the gentle violet flowers
  To cheer with hope the care-worn breast.

And e'en their silent presence fills
  Our fainting souls with love's perfume,
As music in the night distills
  A speechless joy through enthrilled gloom.

Thou first-born daughter of their home,
  And of thy parent's doting heart,
Since with the violets thou didst come,
  The violet's mission be thy part.

Oh, never let that mission cease
  'Till full-blown Spring ends life's bleak March,
And sorrow's crowned with endless peace,
  Beyond the blue celestial arch.

March 24.

MELODIES OF MOOD AND TENSE.

THE INVALID TO SPRING.

I FEEL thy gentle breathing upon my cheek, fair Spring!
'Tis but to me the fanning of the death-angel's wing;
I hear the silvery accents of thy gladsome tones and meek,
Echoes from the spirit-world they to my faint heart speak.

I breathe the scent of death in the violets of thy crown,
Thine eyes are like the sun's glance from a coffin thrown,
The echo of thy step that wakes to life the blossoming sod,
Thrills through me like the falling of mine own funeral clod.

Thy vision's like a maiden scattering roses o'er my tomb,
Thy kiss upon my clammy brow is but a hectic bloom,
Thy coming's like the opening of a lily in the night,
To Heaven's endless summer thou'lt lead me, spirit bright!

THE OVERTURE.

I.

SUMMER smiles o'er all the land,
Sap leaps in briers,
Earth feels her benediction bland,
Spring's vestal fires
Glow brighter 'neath her breathings fanned,
Our spirits with her blooms expand
And join in Nature's pæan grand,
With unseen choirs.

II.

For music's soul on aërial wings
  Hath upward soared,
Vibrating subtle welcomings
  From chord to chord,
And time with sweet suspicions rings
Of all the joys dear Summer brings,
Rich prophecies of harvestings
  In blossoms scored.

III.

Each enfreed rill with tinkling rune,
  The strain begins,
The woods, like leaf-crowned nymphs, attune
  Their violins,
And Zephyr, with his soft bassoon,
Awaketh all the birds of noon,
To swell the orchestra of June
  With flute-like dins.

IV.

His tambour sounds the bobolink
  From screening hedge,
The insect trumpets swell and shrink
  On grassy ledge,
And sheeny cymbals clash and clink,
Where by the streamlet's mossy brink,
Like elves, the cowslips nod and wink,
  'Mid reeds of sedge.

V.

From caves wherein his mermaids dwell,
  Old Ocean's keys
Are pressed in sympathetic spell.
  Through sunlit seas,
Each Triton blows a pearly shell,
Each Nereid sounds a surf-swung bell.
With rich exuberance to swell
  Life's symphonies.

VI.

And all along each golden bar,
  In notes of light,
Our souls read on, from star to star,
  The Song of Night,
Like serenade from sweet guitar,
Poured down by spirit-hands afar,
From where the founts of music are,
  With heavenly might.

VII.

But sweeter far than aught of these
  The spirit's calm,
The inbreathed secret sympathies
  That like a psalm
Wake in the heart rich melodies,
Soft soothing labor's care with ease,
As thrill his soul pure ecstasies
  Who wins the palm.

VIII.

Now May withdraws Spring's filmy veil
  Of tawny green,
And lo ! round wood, stream, hill, and dale,
  Bursts glory's scene,
Plays up the Easter fairy tale
That doth our jaded souls regale,
While Flora's incense-urns exhale
  A balm serene.

IX.

The Princess Beauty slowly wakes
  From slumber's thrall,
The sunshine frees from dusky flakes
  Enchantment's hall :
Now horse, now hound, sleep's leashes breaks,
The jessed hawk her plumage shakes,
Young Love aroused, old ways betakes,
  Gay lord of all.

X.

While Summer thus tends on our state,
  Fair Muse of Song,
Shall we thy poets silent wait
  With harps unstrung?
No, no ; beside thy rose-crowned gate,
The floral dial marks the date
When thought must bloom with speech elate,
  Life's chords along.

SAXON CHORUS.*

CHEERILY now as the flash of a falchion
Glisten the green woods of May,
Merrily tripping o'er landscapes halcyon
Lads and lasses gay
Welcome in pride the Summertide,
With piping and roundelay.

Lustily waking the echoing welkin
Soundeth the hunter's horn,
Trustily following hound and falcon,
On their good steeds borne
Prince and earl and thrall and churl,
Are snuffing the freshness of morn.

Verily, pleasure calls as we seek her,
Life's but a brief Summer day,
Merrily draining each ale-brimming beaker,
Let us then up and away,
On flowery mead or galloping steed,
The buxom young beauty to stay.

---

* Set to music by Henry Pettit, Esq.

ROUNDEL FOR ROSETIME.*

I.

NOW shun we the ingle
And off to the dingle,
To take from young April his freshest of blooms.
Our veins gayly tingle,
Mirth's cap and bells jingle,
For gladness that vanished are Winter his glooms.

II.

The log of December
Is now but an ember,
The greens of the Yuletide are ashes now all,
No more we'll remember,
'Till far off November,
The blight that fades out with the snow's shrinking pall.

III.

The world is a-greening,
Young leaflets are screening
The paths that anon tender lovers must tread.
Hope's verdurous meaning
In rapture is weaning
Our souls from the frost-nipping cares that have fled.

* Original music by Dr. Clarke (see Appendix).

IV.

To piping of thrushes
Through burgeoning lushes
Peep early Spring roses like damsels so coy,
To-morrow their flushes
Will rival the blushes
Of maidens themselves when love lisps of joy.

V.

Since Nature has simples
For curing the rimples,
Oh, why should our Chloes and Phyllises frown?
Up, maids, with your wimples,
We'll count off your dimples
In kisses, the while we sing derry-down-down.

VI.

The pole of the Maytime
We're rounding in gay time,
Our souls keeping tune as its meshes we thread,
O, dream of the fay-time,
This Nature's sweet play-time,
When hearts are but fashioned to woo and to wed.

May 1, 1887.

BOAT SONGS ON SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

(*a*) BARGE SONG.

I.

WITH stroke all true
We cleave the blue
Pellucid waves of Streamland,
O'er Schuylkill's tides
Our good boat glides,
Through aërial ways of Dreamland.

II.

Towards pleasure's realm
We set our helm
With touch of necromancy,
Past verdant shores
Our gem-flecked oars
Bear us like wings of fancy.

III.

Beneath their plash
Spray-diamonds flash
With iridescent brightness,
The blue waves curl
'Neath crests of pearl,
And fall with snow-flake lightness.

IV.

As through the spray
We cut our way,
Our tingling muscles bending,
Our hearts keep time
To pleasure's rhyme
With quickening oar-strokes blending.

V.

Our gay song thrills
Old Fairmount's hills,
And wakes green Lansdowne's Dryads,
And lures from caves
Beneath the waves
Sweet Belmont's gold-haired Naiads.

VI.

Around our boat
These Sirens float,
The hopes of youth light-hearted,
Along our wake
Their track they take,
The dreams of youth departed.

VII.

From Hebean cups
Our spirit sups
As twilight's shades grow lengthy,

We quaff the wine
Of bliss divine,
The sunset's red nepenthe.

VIII.

But on and on
Our barge is gone
Where Sylvan splendors thicken ;
And Hesper's beams
Wake Elfin dreams,
The gorge of Wissahickon.

IX.

'Mid song and dance
And maidens' glance
Anon we keep our revels,
'Till light abow
Our glow-worm prow
Sights Rockland's steeps and levels.

X.

From tinkling strings
Our music rings
With echoing passion foamward,
The silvery while
Sweet Cynthia's smile
Lights all our pathway homeward.

XI.

Though shadows dim
The bright stream rim,
We mock them with our laughter,
As oars we toss
Earth's cares and dross
We toss the spray-drops after.

(*b*) SHELL SONG.

I.

O'ER Lethean spell
Of Schuylkill's swell
"Arachne" glides—my buoyant shell,—
And spins through maze
Of waterways,
A web of blooms on woofs of haze.

II.

Lo! shore and stream
Alike agleam,
Glow with Pactolus' golden fire,
In leaps and lulls
My tuneful sculls
Wake tones of Hebrus' sunken lyre.

III.

No dolphin's back
A lumbering track
Here cleaves, nor Ariel's bat I lack.
'Mid floating lawns
Of dusks and dawns
I cope with Venus' car of swans.

IV.

Puck's filmy wing,
Could it nimbler spring
Than tides of stream and air I breast?
Jove lends to me
Immensity,
I float as in a Halcyon's nest.

V.

I glide and gloat—
A water mote—
Upon my spinning insect boat;
A wingéd bliss
That springs, I wis,
From Junetide's sheathing chrysalis.

VI.

In lucent strands,
With magic hands,
She taketh hold of misty things;

From golden beams
She builds, like dreams,
Air-palaces of fairy kings.

VII.

She bids me share
Her prowess rare,
Olympean potency to dare,
My spirit plods
No earthly sods,
I skim the highways of the Gods.

VIII.

Each nymph that roves
By founts and groves
Comes forth to cheer the spinner's skill,
In this lithe bole
Her maiden soul
And artist power liveth still.

IX.

No butterfly
Of gayest dye,
Adrift in blue of Summer sky,
Can sip from flower
Of earthly bower
The sweetness I from this sweet hour.

X.

No wisdom's lore
My soul doth bore,
Aswing amid my fancies' meshes,
As I afloat,
My spider boat
Rest 'mid the willow-shaded pleshes.

A JUNE JOYANCE.

SWEET Summer's here, a mighty shout
Hails her who wears life's diadem,
While Nature's blazonry hangs out
From every branch and stem.

Sweet Summer's here, each rose's cup,
With life-wine sparkling to the brim,
In salutation's lifted up,
All sense in joy doth swim,

As from each ruby chalice-lip
The flavor of the nectar's quaffed,
And through the soul steals, sip by sip,
Exhilaration's draught.

See, where the gamboling vernal hours
  Their tapestry of mosses spread,
Is laid the banquet of the flowers
  To which sweet Summer's led.

Hark, sweeter than Pandean flutes
  The piping minstrels of the groves,—
The miracle of Orphean lutes,—
  The soul of Nature moves,

While from the ivy's wind-swept strings,
  Enframed upon each time-browned wall,
Like harps of eld, sweet echoings
  Of Druid pæans fall.

Old Ocean's crooning voice recalls
  Alfadur's age of blues and greens,
And shake the dancing waterfalls
  Their tinkling tambourines.

In rural pomp now Summer's throned
  'Mid joyant idlesse, 'neath her feet
The fresh earth lies with beauty zoned,
  Spring doth her empress greet,

And yields to her her fruits and flowers,
  While swarthy hēnchmen, sons of toil,
In sheaves from fields and blooms from bowers
  Bear up the harvest spoil.

Faith, too, doth lend the epoch bright
  Her noonday torch's timeliest glow ;
Her harvest parable bedight
  Doth Love's new era show.

For lo ! 'mid trembling fields of wheat,
  Like cloven tongues of fire tost,
The scarlet poppies soft repeat
  The scenes of Pentecost.

E'en Heaven seems to sympathize
  With all our harvest-tide delights,
And its sweet pastoral in the skies
  Repeats o' Summer nights :

Where Bootes drove his ploughing team
  Of oxen o'er the spangled meads,
As through each cloudland furrowed seam
  He dropped his sparkling seeds.

Now Cynthia's silver sickle sweeps
  Across the fields of starry grain,
Then homeward down the western steeps
  She rides on Charles's Wain.

Drink in, my soul, without alloy,
  Fair Summer's music, grace, and glow,
Amidst this harvest-tide of joy
  No tares of grief must grow.

What tribute can I bring to her
  Who labor not in fields of toil,
An empty-handed worshipper
  Unstained by sweat or soil?

Whose boyhood conned youth's fervid lore
  Within her cloisters' sylvan close,
Whose manhood kept arms' vigil o'er
  Tombs scutchioned with her glows.

From lists of song, her minstrel knight,
  I'll seek her feet, my spirit's queen,
My brow shall feel her kiss of light
  And wear her chaplet green.

Press close, my heart, unto her heart,
  Sink low, my head, upon her breast;
From all the world of care apart
  I'll dream in roseate rest.

June 1, 1888.

THE STRAWBERRY STORM.

AND now by the beautiful landscape,
The vision of sea and sky,
The golden calm of the spirit,
Ye know that the Summer is nigh.

But lo! o'er the sweet face of Nature
Is gathered a darkening veil,
And her pathway through grain-fields and gardens
Is marred by the storm's sweeping trail.

And the signs that await on its courses
Seem to speak of the final eclipse,
Preceding the glorious splendors
Foretold in Apocalypse.

Not less Nature's spirit keeps joyance,
Her heart to its centre is warm,
Knowing this but a phase of the season
Called by rustics "The Strawberry Storm."

The one passing epoch of darkness
That falls 'mid the beauty of June
By contrast, as discords in music,
Serve to strengthen the chords' sweeter tune.

Then why are your tender souls burdened?
And why are your faint hearts sad?
Because of life's Summer skies clouded,
Though earth in its beauty is glad?

Go into the garden, faint-hearted,
And lifting each delicate vine,
See how 'neath the covering leaflets
The crimsoning strawberries shine.

Weak in faith, know ye not yet the token
That through life your sad spirit confutes,
That only in hours of sadness
Are gathered the soul's sweetest fruits?

See the queenly brows of the roses
Upturned to the storm's fiercest frown,
Scarce bending save but to take from it
The diamonds that brighten their crown.

Hark, the birds, have they ceased their singing?
Or their gay wings drooped as in pain?
Are not their blithe songs all the sweeter
When heard through the life-giving rain?

Because the blue ether is hidden
Shall we ne'er see its glittering space?
Will the pure stream, dark now and swollen,
Ne'er its music-set channel retrace?

Oh, what are the blossoms storm-scattered
To the harvests that teeming remain?
Oh, what are the hopes that are broken
To the joys that shall banish each pain?

Nay, had Spring's gayer blossoms not fallen
We ne'er should have Autumn's sweet store;
Had youth's lighter pleasures ne'er faded
We ne'er had learned manhood's rich lore.

Then what are the few days of shadow
To the glorious full Summertide?
Or what are life's hours of trial
To the peace that for aye shall abide?

Soon, hailing the sun reappearing,
From the hills and the vales shall be rolled
The volumes of mist, like the incense
Swung by angels from censers of gold.

So, too, from the clouds of earth's sorrows,
Compressed is the incense of prayer,
That, when the heart's rain-tide is over,
Mounts as smoke of a holocaust rare.

Then, in light of these visions of Nature,
Read the parable's sweet command:
Lift up your bowed heads in rejoicing
Because of "redemption at hand."

AN AUGUST BIRTHDAY.

DEAR friend, as down the mountain-path
I strayed on this thy natal morn,
And saw the Summer's aftermath
Bloom 'mid the fields of harvest shorn,

I gathered up the sweet wild-flowers,
That told to August tales of May,
Still freshened with morn's dewy showers,
And send them for thy natal day.

And pray that 'mid life's August heats,
And stubble of time's well-gleaned fields,
Thy soul shall reap the dewy sweets
That youth and morn and Maytide yields.

ARDEN PARK, NORTH CAROLINA, August, 1887.

DYING SUMMER.

NOW the sun his torch reversing,
Setteth Autumn's woods afire,
And their smoke-winged mists dispersing
Drape sweet Summer's funeral pyre.

Dimmed her dark eyes' brilliant flashes,
  Sallow hectic-tints her blooms,
And her roses turned to ashes,
  Near the pestilential flumes.

All her gay robes' faded tatters
  Dangling seamless 'round her form,
Which the pitiless rain bespatters,
  Through the equinoctic storm,

Gone her wealth of grains and grasses
  To the garner's miser hands,
All the stores that she amasses
  Ta'en by ruthless harvest-bands.

And they're laughing, yes, they're laughing
  At the havoc they have made,
'Mid the dance and bumper quaffing,
  In the picnic's festive glade.

Can she find no stern avenger
  For the woes they've made her feel?
Soon stout Winter will revenge her
  With his darts of frozen steel.

She the princess of earth's treasures,
  Stewardess of fruits and flowers,
Empress of the leaf-crowned pleasures,
  Tripping through the sun-gilt bowers,

Out in fairy shallops sailing
O'er the brightly glistening streams,
Or in dalliance soft regaling
'Mid aërial haunts of dreams,

On her bed of dank leaves lying
Now her forest-psalm she saith,
Miserere for the dying,
What is Autumn but her wraith?

What the sermon that her story
Preaches to our earth-chained hearts?
What the balm her transient glory
To our wearied souls imparts?

Griefs and losses are our teachers,
We have here no lasting home;
Earthly pleasures are but preachers
Of the better things to come.

AUTUMN PICTURES.

NOT with levity of Springtime,
Nor voluptuous pomp of Summer,
But with mingled charms of each she
Comes, the lovely artist, Autumn.

Cheeks as florid as the peaches,
Dove-like eyes with locks of auburn,
And her russet garments crimsoned
In the wine-press' purple waters.

Pensive straying, ever painting,
Forest, prairie, vale, and mountain,
Magically she tints all Nature
In a thousand mellowed glories.

Stealing softly through the orchards
Plucks she dulcet quince and apple,
Rouging them with nectar kisses,
Lip and fruit responsive glowing.

With her sober glance she hardens
The too sappy wealth of nut-trees,
And with crystal kiss she glazes
Purple clusters of the grape-vines.

With her lovely lucent breathings
Maketh luscious the persimmons,
Makes the morning landscape glisten
Like the manna in the desert.

And the orphan'd Summer flowers,
Hardy grown 'neath her protection,
Look as though their healthy glow would
Laugh defiance at the Winter.

Whispers she to birds and bunnies
Of the coming of the Winter,
The long-biding cruel Winter,
And with men they heed the warning.

Startled hare and the plump game-bird,
With sleek buck upon the prairie,
At the crack of her sure rifle
Yield life to this sylvan huntress.

Fishes glistening 'neath the waters
Know the stroke of her sure angling
While she veils her mirrored beauties
In the mist from off the lakelet.

In the mill-wheels' drowsy drumming
Croaking frog and lulling streamlet
Sighing heart and sighing forest
Sounds her Sabbath hymn to Nature.

By the chestnuts with their muffled
Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping
Seems she to be noting her own
Ebbing pulses like a death-watch.

Heartily the farmer greets her,
Cheer from all his stores spreads for her,
Pledging from his honest wine-cup
Wassail to the ruddy maiden.

For with conqueror's ease she crowns him
After wrestling with his acres,
Gently lifting his soul upwards,
To the Father of all good gifts.

Then another picture paints she,
When at eve around the hearthstone
Sketching by the cheerful blazes
Wondrous tales and olden memories.

Sunset sky and earth reflashing
Green and purple, gold and crimson,
In a blaze of glory picturing
The eternal All Saints' Summer.

Lo! by night the moon's rich lustre
O'er snow-shining hills of cloudland,
Like the vision of an angel
On the sweet eve of All Hallows.

O ! who has not seen and treasured
All the glory of these paintings,
With their shades of light and sadness
In fair Autumn's bright portfolio?

Louder sighs she through the forest
As she views time's transient splendors,
Knowing that their glories are but
Swift decay's sure hectic angel.

Come the boisterous heralds of Winter,
Sallowing her cheeks with terror,
Making her robes faded tatters,
Ruining her beauteous fabric.

Then the swallows winging southward,
And her ravished bloom-leaves scattered,
Shriveled, rustling through the grave-stones,
Teach to life death's surer lesson.

Thus in dark despair she waiteth
For the fetid haze to veil her,
Then the ague fever cometh,
And death's chill is fast upon her.

Ope the ice-gates of the Northland,
Flashing forth their gemmed auroras,
Like vast hosts of vigil angels
Bearing her soul 'mid the blessed.

Doffs her guardian sun his grandeur,
All his form with gloom enshrouding,
'Neath the craping mists he weepeth,
O'er her dust his torch inverting.

Then the Winter dark and grave-like,
He fair Nature's heartless sexton,
In his snowy wind-sheet wraps her,
Desolation is her tombstone.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

"HURT not the earth, hurt not the seas,"
Of old the Orient angel cried
To the four heavens; "hurt not the trees,
Until the saints be signified."

So unto the Storm Spirits' might
Cries out the angel of the flowers,
"Strike not with wintry, wasting blight
The earth, the sea, the verdant bowers,

Until sweet Flora's latest-born,
In Autumn's changeful furnace tried,
Have heaven's varied livery worn
As scions of All-Hallowtide."

For surely unto them is given
  In timeliest mission to portray
The glories of the court of heaven,
  With all its manifold array.

Lo ! here the martyrs crimson clad,
  The confessors in gold bedight,
The penitents in purple sad,
  The virgins in their fleecy white.

And there, like good St. Francis' friars,
  In hoods of shaded brown, we see
The mendicant *fioretti* choirs,
  Poor Clares of Lady Poverty.

How in their glory they rejoice
  And wave aloft their ferial palms,
While with vaticinating voice
  They breathe anon their odorous psalms.

And thus with mystic pomp and state
  Our earth, from Nature-worship won,
To dreams of Heaven they dedictate,
  —An ancient floral Pantheon.

Sweet cheerers of the dying year,
  The last to tread time's summer stage,
In you not only we revere
  The heroes of Faith's golden age,

But also that elected band
For whose blest sake shall shortened be
Time's last great trial, as Winter's hand
Most surely is withheld for ye.

For when the sun from heaven shall drop,
And earth ablaze—a parching scroll—
'Tis then God's grandest saints shall prop
His Church with brightest deed and dole.

So, called of the eleventh hour
From out Vocation's waiting mart,
You, equal in reward and power
With those who bore the lengthier part,

'Mid heats and burdens of the day:
The violet meek, the queenly rose,
The lily in her white array,
With these shall ye seek like repose.

With all earth's fairest, brightest, best,
In peace shall rest your humbler heads,
Your souls exhale as incense blest,
Your seed rejoice in frozen beds.

NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

DA CAPO.*

THE rust of age lies o'er the green of youth,
Yet are we not at Autumn's harvest-feast reclining?
Gray clouds of doubt obscure blue sky of truth,
Yet are we not life's signs with truer sense divining?

"Whom the Gods love die young," was never meant
Of those who count their years by lack of lustres,
But of gay souls who, though their time's far spent,
Keep green, on wrinkled brows, their boyhood's leafy clusters.

Though Hebe, radiant goddess of our youth,
Hath tripped and spilled the foaming cup of pleasure,
Old age must prove our Ganymede, forsooth,
To fill for us once more the nectar-brimming measure.

OCTOBER 22, 1886.

* Recited at the Clover Club dinner, November 21, 1889.

RECESSIONAL.

THE PASSING OF THE PRINCESS.

I.

'NEATH her pall of purple haze
Dead Summer lies;
Autumn's banner flecked with grays
Storm-draggled flies;
Each lance reversed bright Phœbus' rays
Trail down the skies.

II.

Wailing winds a funeral dirge
Sound through the land,
A requiem beats the sobbing surge
On rock and strand,
From tuneless groves its flight doth urge
Song's wingéd band.

III.

With Nature's pulses beating low
In measured rhyme,
Life's ebbing flood, time's fading glow,
Joy's long-lost prime,
Are tolled in sympathetic flow
Of Love's sad chime.

IV.

Weird mourners, the beriven woods
Toss shriveled arms,
Their raven-haunted solitudes
Swell grief's alarms,
Betokening those wilder moods
That Hope ne'er charms.

V.

Upon the Queen's high-road I wait,
Her minstrel peer,
To see the passing by in state
Of Summer's bier ;
And to her Manes dedicate
Song's leaflets sere.

VI.

Like Gandia's Duke who knelt beside
Fair Isabelle,
And saw her, Castile's rose and pride,
Death's victim fell,
My soul, from thy dead queen and bride,
Learn Earth's lost spell.

October 10, 1893.

THE CLÔTURE.

I.

THE mysteries are ended.
The Summer Mass is done,
The miracle of bread and wine
Wrought by the priestly Sun,
Who doffing his rich vestiture,
Now solemnly retires,
While Autumn's "ITE, MISSA EST"
Thrills Nature's echoing choirs.

II.

Closed is the painted Missal,
Her beauteous Summer book.
And one by one the worshippers
Have her rich shrines forsook.
Anon throughout her spacious aisles
A misty incense floats,
Winds through her fretted arches roll
Their ebbing organ-notes.

III.

Droop one by one the flowers,
Touched by decay's chill blight,
And one by one 'neath cloudlet-cap
Dies out each twinkling light.

Flash through embrasures of the woods
  Red, purple, green, and gold,
As heaven's glories on rich panes
  In color-tones are told.

IV.

The Feast of Tabernacles
  At Whitsuntide begun,
With praises of All-Hallowmass
  Its bloom-marked course hath run,
For God hath numbered all His saints,
  Man, counted garnered stores,
And earth with heaven jubilates
  For rich fruition's scores.

V.

While saints rejoice in glory
  In peace of heaven's dome,
Man by his fire-lit hearth foretastes
  The bliss of that true home.
The dead joys of the dying year
  Now claim our tearful doles,—
The vespers of All Saints' Day run
  To matins of All Souls.

VI.

And from aërial turrets,
  In twilight-echoes thrown

A threefold chime our spirits hear,
  A mystic monotone :
The Angelus of eventide
  That doth the glooming cheer,
The De Profundis of the day,
  The curfew of the year.

VII.

Lo ! in the morning gladness
  And in the evening tears,
Thus e'er in joys and griefs we tell
  The rosary of our years,
'Till both in glories fructify,
  As for the dead, for them
We pray, "O Jesu Domine
  Da eis Requiem."

VIII.

But yet another Scripture
  These blessed words it saith :
The outgoings of morn and eve
  Shall joyful be. This faith
Within our bosom is reposed,
  As lamp in votive shrine
Gleams through the darkness of the night,
  With radiance all divine.

IX.

Now Winter, gray-haired sexton,
  Hath closed the temple doors,
And darkness o'er the face of earth
  With death-like silence lowers,
'Till Balaam's star once more arise,
  And with the angels' strain
The poets' harps and Christmas greens
  Shall wake to life again.

WINTER.

ROSY Summer speeds away
  With her charms so bright and gay,
A beauteous vision swiftly fled,
She is numbered with the dead.

Ghostlike Winter now has come,
Mantled in her robe of gloom ;
She kisses earth with icy breath,
And Nature feels the clasp of death.

Pursue not then life's fleeting joys,
Seek not, thou, vain earthly toys ;
Like Summer flowers they'll fade away,
And in the tomb's cold shade decay.

II.

POEMS OF PLACES.

Here be spaces meet for Song.

Austin Dobson.

A SONG TO SACO RIVER.

O MOUNTAIN-BORN and loveliest stream,
Here where thou meet'st the sea,
Sweet Saco of the hills and vales,
I weave this song for thee,

And lay it at this parting hour
In tribute at thy feet,
That to me from the mountain-tops
Brought Peace's Gospel sweet.

Thy soothing voice in sorrow's hour
Bade my sick spirit live,
As Elsie's song Prince Hoheneck's,—
Mine in return I give.

Yet scarcely dare my unskilled verse
Bring to thy beauty's shrine,
Since art may ne'er but faintly link
Its cadences with thine.

But if this waif of Summertide,
My soul's outfloating free,
Thou'lt take, its richest notes shall breathe
Thine own simplicity.

Not strange thou art so wondrous fair,
No sign of labor's wrack,
No dream of cloudland's storm-fraught care
Can mar thy sunlit track.

There's healing in the very flow
Of thy pure tissue's hem,
A veil of glory waveth from
Thy sunset-diadem

And in that Iris-woven web
I hail anew God's vow:
My soul shall never be submerged
By sorrow's overflow.

But, thou hast sprung as from a star
Embosomed in the skies,
Wast cradled in the lakelet's swell,
'Mid misty peaks that lies.

And thou dost seem a fairy child,
In special blessing given,
Whose merry laugh and upturned face
Recall that nearer heaven.

The White Hills taught thy earliest steps
To leap their craggy Notch,
O'er thy rich prime's meanderings
The Intervales kept watch,

And as thou soon wilt lose thyself
  Upon the billowy main,
So hath thy sweetness mingled with
  My storm-tossed spirit's pain.

O royal daughter of the hills,
  With their snow-ermine decked,
Sweet princess of the Intervales,
  With their leaf-emeralds flecked,

All mountain Titans guard thy bed,
  All sylvan sprites thy dells,
All Nature's angels strew thy course
  With Beauty's magic spells.

May I like thee leap merrily
  Rough paths where hide the gales,
And chastely humble be my pace
  Through Pleasure's flowery vales.

Thus gliding ever on and on
  In sheen or shadow free,
Speak to each heart in silver speech,
  As thou hast spoke to me.

And may I when life's course is run,
  God's peace upon my brow,
Glide calmly o'er time's ebbing sands,
  As here in beauty thou.

Camp Ellis, Maine, August 21, 1883.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN DIPTYCH.

MOSSY BROOK.

A HIDDEN clover-scented nook
Is this sweet grot of Mossy Brook,
Half up the forest overlook.

A tessellated rocky urn,
O'er-run with many a vine and fern,
Tangled with sheen and shade in turn.

Where 'neath each broad leaf-parasol,
Queen Mab the dreamland folk doth call,
To music of the water-fall,

That purling through its basin drips,—
Its Iris-tinted beadlets slips,
Like wine-drops from Silenus' lips.

A fancy-haunted magic dell,
Replete with every charm and spell
Recalling dreams of Avenel.

A spot where fairies, elves, and sprites
Play sylvan pranks, weave sweet delights
Through sunny days or moonlit nights.

And heedless of the dew and dank,
Their council hold from rank to rank,
On Kate's slope-rest at Velvet Bank.

So named perchance from scenes when list
E'en lurking elves who whisper: "Hist!"
To hear the vows of lovers' tryst.

But who she was, this winsome Kate,
Her lover's name, the time, her fate,
These fays will ne'er elucidate.

For fairies like young lovers well,
And when they tryst in sylvan dell,
Not e'en the leaves their secret tell.

Nor shrewd geologist may find,
Beneath the rock's oft-scalpelled rind,
The mystery of the lover's mind.

Thought treasured gem of trickling stream,
And leafy shade and glinting beam,
That through the lapse of years doth gleam;

Bright Nature-chiseled cameo,
In emerald intaglio,
Upon the mountain's breast aglow!

CRAWFORD'S, WHITE MOUNTAINS, August 10, 1883.

THE MADRIGAL OF THE MERRIMAC.

CLICK, clack, click, clack,
I the merry Merrimac,
Coming through my land of blooms,
Stop to rouse the silent looms
That lie in waiting on my track,
Wanting yet my watery knack,
To give their frames the force they lack.
Thus I daily toil and spin
'Mid the shuttles' busy din,
Thus my varying tints I bring,
Thus my blossoms sweet I fling,
Mingling them in labor's press
With artistic daintiness,
Weaving them with fibrous glow
Through the threads of calico,
Then I laughing onward go.

Click, clack, click, clack,
I the merry Merrimac,
Gliding on through glen and gorge,
Turn towards mill and factory forge,
In the mill the grain I crack,
Sifting it from wain to sack.
On the factory's fiery rack,

With steaming breath and effort bold,
Crude ores to forms of grace I mould,
Then the huge logs rough and raw
In artistic shapes I saw.
Here I make need's useful things,
There my aim takes art's high wings,
Yet my song's e'er soothing flow
Sounds e'en 'mid the furnace glow,
As I labor to and fro.

Click, clack, click, clack,
I the merry Merrimac,
Leaping many a glistening dam,
Seek my current's wonted calm,
Throwing off the mill-wheel's wrack,
See the meads, where, stack by stack,
Stands each golden harvest pack,
Monument of labor's grace,
In this restful Sabbath place,
Here I drink and drainage bring,
And my vaporous blessings fling,
Onward then I gaily roam,
Past a poet's* bowery home ;
And his song chimes with the throe
Of my sluices' rushing flow
As 'twixt work and rest I go.

*Whittier.

Click, clack, click, clack,
I the merry Merrimac,
Sweeping on through hill and dale,
Noisy town or peaceful vale,
Never from my course turn back,
But seek a port where fishing-smack
And pleasure-yacht now turn and tack,
Waiting for my strength's high tide
Them o'er the harbor-bar to glide.
Then my full force gathering,
All my powers to bear I bring,
As with giant strength I lift
Their keels, and through the sandy rift
My burden merrily I throw,
Then in exhilaration's glow
Out to ocean's breast I go.

Click, clack, click, clack,
I the merry Merrimac,
Gliding on through gleams and glooms,
In this song of fields and flumes,
Send this rhythmic greeting back
To the watchers on my track,
To give their souls the cheer they lack.
Play is work and work is play :
Hardship best keeps holiday ;

Beauty's cheek gets brightest dyes
From the health of fields and skies;
Patience, cheerfulness in care
Nourish in us strength to bear
Terrors of death's final throe,
Else empty-handed to the flow
Of Eternity we go.

Click, clack, click, clack,
I the merry Merrimac,
Sing once more ere yet I merge
My song-life with the sounding surge;
Wearied souls that hew and hack,
Be your heavens blue or black,
Be life's current swift or slack,
Take this little song I pour
Oil-like on this billowy shore;
Let my tuneful lesson be
No sand-written legacy,
Flash its thoughts through noons and nights,
As yon steadfast harbor-lights
Their incessant glimmerings throw
On the phosphorescent flow,
Or the billows dark with woe.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Oct. 10, 1885.

A CAPRICCIO AT CAPE ANN.

UPON the headland of Cape Ann
I stood and saw the waters warring,
As in and out the billows ran,
Around the bleak coast's rocky span,
Like lions in their hunger roaring.

For there the Autumn storm was on
In all its equinoctial raging,
And from aërial roosts upon
The cliffs, the sea-gulls soared anon,
Their screams its wildest woes presaging.

The black clouds held the god of day
A prisoner from his earth asundered,
No light save from the lightning's play,
No sound save where the booming spray
Along the sea-caves madly thundered.

An hour passed on, and lo! the sun,
The curtains of his cloud-tent parting,
Shone forth in splendor halcyon,
His golden arrows, one by one,
Into the storm's rent bosom darting.

Before him fled the cowering mists,
The stormy petrels downward swooping
The sand-bar sought, where lay their nests,
The crouching waves with lowered crests,
Shoreward in broken ranks came trooping.

The loud winds ceased, their tumult spent,
The sea with new-found joy was throbbing,
Its face, half shade half sunshine blent,
Just as a wayward child doth vent
Its passion, in half smiles, half sobbing.

When lo ! from where the surges' stir
Beat on the rocks the storm's dirge solemn,
Rose—not the sword Excalibur—
But in the spray's uptossing whir
Quivered a rainbow-tinted column.

Thrice rose, thrice fell, that vision bright,
O'er rock, and surge's ebbing motion,—
Of golden peace the poet's sight,—
"Across the land a shaft of light,
A lane of beams upon the ocean."

Thus ever 'mid life's wild dismay
Shines forth some bright-hued hope to cheer us,
So, too, when poets grope their way

'Mid dreamland storms, with sudden ray,
Gleams inspiration's beauteous Iris.

Though carping critics favor shun,
And prosy varlets vent their jeering,
Like golden arrows of the sun,
Forth from his prismic bow when spun,
The poets' pens flash beauty's clearing.

With equipoised spirits aye,
These courtly minded minstrel gallants,
'Twixt night and day, 'twixt storm and ray,
'Twixt Summer's stand and Winter's stay,
Preserve an equinoctial balance.

THE WILLOWS OF ANNISQUAM.

WHAT fairy pageant came this way,
With elfin pomp and magic play,
And bade your branches archward sway,
Ye lovely willows of Annisquam?

What maiden that did hither rove,
To trysting bower changed your grove,
And "weeping" turned to sighs of love,
Ye smiling willows of Annisquam?

The Willows of Annisquam.

What warrior with glory spent,
Was he, for whom your leafy tent,
In martial pride, ye fondly bent,
Ye stately willows of Annisquam?

Nor elf nor maid our branches bowed,
Nor yet for weary warrior proud
We reared our rustic roof to cloud,
We happy willows of Annisquam.

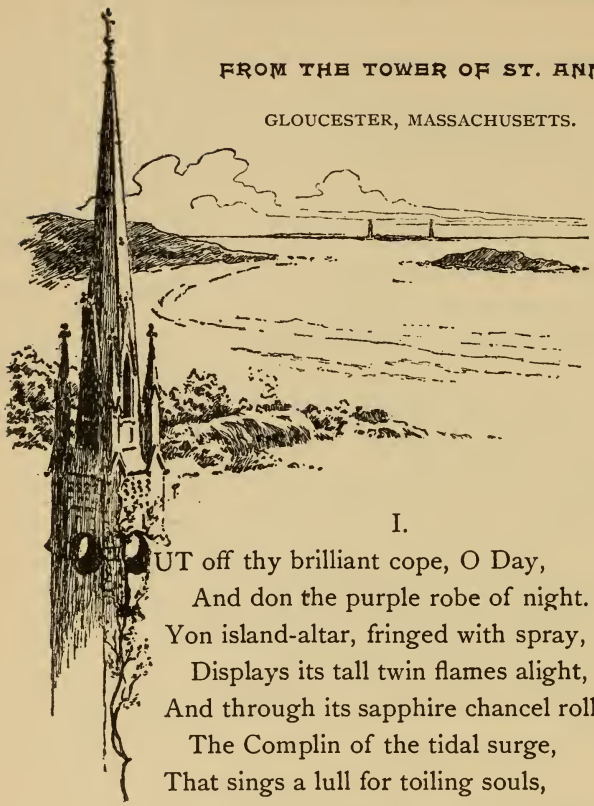
A pilgrim sought a cheering glade,
A poet found a green arcade,
God's temple in man's joy we've laid,
We churchly willows of Annisquam.

Thus to the palm-hailed King of kings
We've clasped our hands, addossed our wings,
While through our sylvan chancel rings:
God keep the willows of Annisquam!

ANNISQUAM, MASS., August 3, 1888.

FROM THE TOWER OF ST. ANN'S.

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.



I.

PUT off thy brilliant cope, O Day,
And don the purple robe of night.
Yon island-altar, fringed with spray,
Displays its tall twin flames alight,
And through its sapphire chancel rolls
The Complin of the tidal surge,
That sings a lull for toiling souls,
And for the dead a prayerful dirge.

II.

Thus nightly from this North Shore cape
Those tapers cheer the waters dim,
To Faith's eye, each a guardian shape,—

Saint Anna and Saint Joachim.
Their double light, atwain yet one,
Will reach to the auroral bar,
When heralding the rising sun,
Like MARY, soars the morning star.

III.

Here while the sea its nocturns saith,
This sanctuary vigil keeps,
A quiet night and perfect faith,
Is still the burthen of the deeps.
Befriend us, ye dear patron saints
Of Gloucester and of Rockport haven,
Our bodies keep from sinful taints,
Our spirits from all terrors craven.

IV.

And as the sea-birds wet with brine
Have winged around those flaming crests,
In life or death our refuge-shrine
Be your parental love-lit breasts.
Let us, your sinful children, share
The love ye gave your sinless child,
We need, as she did not, your care,
Though skies be bright or seas be wild.

V.

But lo ! though night be scarcely done,
  Between those torches of the coast,
The day lifts up the golden sun,
  As lifts the priest the Sacred Host.
And once again the matin flame
  Bedecks with bloom this rock-girt span,
And lip and bird and wave proclaim
  The Lauds and Mass of good Saint Ann.

Little Good Harbor Beach, Bass Rocks,
Cape Ann, July 26, 1889.

NAHANT.

THIS fair Maolis crowned with flowers,
Runs out as 'twere with girlish glee,
Bearing the wealth of Summer hours
Unto her graybeard bridegroom Sea ;
Who clasps her, oh, how tenderly,
As Lear Cordelia doted o'er,
In senile bliss, by Dover's shore ;
Ere yet from out her beauty's ark
Had gone for time life's pilgrim spark.
So 'neath the heaven's cerulean tent,
In richest splendor o'er them bent,
For this mermaiden of his grace
So Venus-like, his wrinkled face
Old Neptune smooths, while he doth deck
With pearls of spray her swan-like neck,
And 'mid the floral coronet
That Mother Earth so deftly set
In spousal beauty on her brows,
When sprang she forth to meet her spouse ;
Emeralds and amethysts he throws,
While far away the bells of Lynn,
O'er Swampscott Bay with sweetest din,
Sound in ecstatic harmony
This wedding of the land and sea.

PROVINCETOWN.

I.

WITH back against the storm-wave's crest,
And face to genial breezy West,
Cape Cod sweeps out her brawny arm,
And gathers in, from ocean's harm,
The bird-like ships that nestle warm
Against her pulsing breast.

II.

Becalmed 'neath Summer's halcyon spell,
The harbor seems a crystal shell,
Whose echoing foamy edges curl
In combs of amethyst and pearl,—
A stranded nest from ocean's swirl
Of some sea-Philomel.

III.

Or, maybe on this sandy bar
Fair Venus wrecked her ivory car,
That flower-trimmed abandoned lies,
While she, through yonder sensuous skies,
On rose-reined doves safe mounted, flies
To some congenial star.

IV.

Here while the toilless hour lasts,
The fishing-smacks rear enfurled masts,
They waiting warriors of the waves
At rest upon their restless staves,
Daybreak's white-bannered host that braves
The surge's blaze and blasts.

V.

And here, a dream of Italy
Beneath New England's colder sky,
Above her wharfing dykes and dunes,
Like Venice on her blue lagoons,
Or Baia 'mid her tropic swoons,
Quaint Provincetown doth lie.

VI.

Toy campaniles Florentine
Peer over many an arbored vine,
Beneath whose grape-hung colonnades,
The swarthy men and dark-eyed maids
The trace of southern lights and shades
In deeper tones outline.

VII.

Methinks I see the piping Greek
Once more the groves of Daphne seek,

Or gay-decked Chloris lead her flocks
Among the ruin-crowned rocks ;
And hark ! the tolling seaport clocks
Of southern vespers speak.

VIII.

Upon each sand-encircled stream
Purple and pink pond-lilies gleam,
While up the bleak knolls, row on row,
The cranberries their fruitage show,
Like garnets 'mid gray quartz aglow,
Each vine an emerald seam.

IX.

Through pungent puffs of brine I take
My way by each fish-laden flake,
Then lulled by surf-tide's beachy rune,
To sweet siesta's dreamful boon,
I, through the languorous afternoon,
Soul-thirst with sea-breeze slake.

X.

'Till Hesper shows through purple gloom,
With page's torch the trellised bloom
That from each ship-lamp sways and swings ;
Night, Paris-like, such flowers brings,
While he, with amorous murmurings,
Weep's beauty's death-like doom.

XI.

Old seaport town, a bond dost plight
'Twixt old-world dreams and new-world light,
Dost wreathe the pine-bough with the palm,
Woo'st briny blast with bowery balm,
And Winter's cheer with Summer's calm
Dost in my soul unite.

AUGUST 8, 1892.

OUR LADY OF THE ISLE.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

FLOW on to the sea, Narragansett!
Flow onward, thou beautiful bay!
Yet stop, at this insular transept,
Thy billowy tribute to lay
At the feet of the beauteous Madonna,
Enshrined on yon fair seaport steeps;
Thence guarding, with tutelar honor,
Thy clustering islands and deeps.

Unloosed to the breeze hang her tresses,
Her soft eyes she lovingly bends,
O'er her bosom her pure hands she presses,
While her foot the proud serpent's neck rends.

In the midst of this gay scene of fashion,
  In the midst of this populous mart,
She standeth, to cheer with compassion,
  To win to her love every heart.

Will not the gay searcher for pleasure,
  Seeing her in the midst of his mirth,
Be moved to exchange for the treasure
  Of Heaven, the follies of earth?
Will not the gray seaman returning
  From afar o'er the billowy foam,
Be filled with a tenderer yearning,
  When he thinks of Our Lady at home?

Here in days of blest Eric of Garda,
  By his Norseman missioners bold,
Were thy praises, O, fair Virgin Warder!
  In our continent's aisles first told;
And though into silence primeval,
  For ages, the hymn died away,
It wakes, like a pæan mediæval,
  In power redoubled to-day.

In vain would the Puritan scorner
  Banish thee and thy love from the land,
Where, a time, thou wast held in dishonor,
  Now triumphant as queen thou dost stand.

With thy bright lunar circlet around him,
Proud Satan lies crushed at thy feet,
So hath love's golden influence bound them,
Friend and foe, to the stool of thy seat.

I proudly salute thee, Rhode Island,
For thy sons' manly honor and truth,
For their victory o'er bigotry's guile and
Thy forefathers' patience and ruth.
But I hold thee more dear for this reason,
All States of our Union above,
That thou for thy princess hast chosen
This mother of beautiful love.

Then flow to the sea, Narragansett!
Flow onward, thou beautiful bay!
Yet stop, ere thou endest thy transit,
Thy billowy homage to pay
Unto the maid-mother immortal,
That from Newport her fair vigil keeps,
Like a star o'er the rock-girded portal,
That leads through thine islands and deeps.

NARRAGANSETT BAY, August 13, 1868.

TO POWERSCOURT RIVER.

BELOW THE WATERFALL.

I.

ART thou weary, gentle river,
With the effort of thy fall,
That thou wanderest so meekly
Through thy arching sylvan hall?
Is thy plaintive tone a murmur
For the labor that is past,
Or is't a prayer, on summer air,
For peace and rest at last?

II.

Ah, bethink thee, little river,
Where would be thy world-wide fame,
If all thy life, with beauty rife,
Were yet thus sweetly tame?
Though peace and rest be soothing,
They are only sweet to those
Who have leaped with joy in struggle,
And sung amid life's throes.

POWERSCOURT PARK, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND, July 14, 1890.

Shandon Church and Father Prout's Grave.

AT FATHER PROUT'S GRAVE.

WHILE LISTENING TO SHANDON BELLS.

I.

PEACE to thy slumbers!
In musical numbers
Thy requiem wells, from Shandon steeple,
Its ivy-leaves runing,
And Lee's silvery crooning,
All echoed for aye in the hearts of thy people.

II.

Joy to thy ashes!
Thy wit's classic flashes
And all the rich *brogue* of thy vagabond singing,
Within the tomb waken,
And, through air love-shaken,
Vibrate 'round the world at Shandon's sweet ringing.

OLD ST. ANN'S, SHANDON, CORK, IRELAND, July 17, 1890.

TOBERMORY.

I.

LIKE rare gem of beauty set
In the crown of glory,
Forming Scotia's coronet,
Art thou, Tobermory.

II.

How shall I with unskilled hands
Paint thy scenic story,
To the friends of distant lands,
Lovely Tobermory?

III.

Peering from thy fir-clad nook
'Neath the Highlands hoary,
O'er thy blue loch's waterlook,
Charming Tobermory!

IV.

Through thy mountain-riven gates
Greetings amatory
Ocean sends thee while he waits,
Winsome Tobermory!

V.

Plume-doffed chieftain down the steeps
  Of Mull's promontory,
Silver-armored Aros leaps,
  Hailing Tobermory !

VI.

Breaks no more thy tranquil dreams
  Clash of sea-fights gory :
Joy embalms thy braes and streams,
  Peaceful Tobermory !

VII.

Sweet "Saint Mary's Holy Well,"
  Like Madonna's story,
In my life shall live thy spell,
  Sacred Tobermory !

Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Scotland, August 8, 1890.

FOYER'S FALL.

LOCH NESS.

I.

THIS notch the flagon, this rocky bowl the cup,
This fall the pour of foaming golden nectar
By Hebe served, this glen the stairway up
To high Olympus, where we mortals sup,
'Mid trembling awe, with Jove's cloud-wreathed spectre.

II.

Around this fretted chalice fragrant twine
The spray-dewed gems of amaranthine bowers,
We taste joy's lees in potions all divine,
While prodigally poured, on pavement crystalline
Of blue Loch Ness, spill down the beaded showers.

LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND, August 11, 1890.

FOYER'S FALL: LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND.

AT STAFFA.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

MAYHAP this ruined temple was the fane,
In marble, rising from the seething main,
Where found St. Clement's corse miraculous repose,
When, anchor-bound, the sea received him from his foes.

Now like a penitent with whitened lips,
The pilgrim sea doth kiss these temple-steps,
Then up the nave creeps on with suppliant moan,
And beats its sobbing breast before the altar-stone.

STAFFA-IONA, August 9, 1890.

A LAKELAND LYRIC.

I.

THE crinkled crags their circles rear,
'Round mead and mere by Wordsworth chaunted,
O'er gyhll and grove, and wold and weir,
By Coleridge, Faber,* Southey, vaunted,
Whose songs these glens no more shall hear,
By Echo's echo only haunted.

II.

Yet still beside their clustered graves
Fond Poesy a pilgrim lingers,
Nor voiceless quite the sylvan staves
Of these fair Nature's Minnesingers,
Their songs relimn, o'er winds and waves,
The scenes here wrought by Beauty's fingers.

---

* The Rev. Frederick William Faber has justly been ranked among the Lake Poets. Wordsworth once said of him: "He is the only one I know who sees more things in nature than I do, in a country walk." He resided for several years at Ambleside, and wrote much on the surrounding scenery, particularly in his "Loughrigg Fell" and "Brathay Sonnets." The beautiful homes where he dwelt and wrote, "Scale How" and "Brathay Castle," are still standing near the shores of Lake Windermere.

THE ABBOT'S BRIDGE: BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

III.

But happy we who trace anew
The foot-prints of their song-marked courses,
Anoint our spirits' eyes with dew
From their Arcadia's limpid sources,
And breathe their shrines' pure praises through
The incense of their ferns and gorses.

WINDERMERE, August 31, 1890.

AT THE ABBOT'S BRIDGE.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

I.

HERE where the Lark and Linnet* join
Their silvery songs together,
And like two wedded souls, as one,
Glide on by hearth and heather,
The ancient abbot's bridge doth stand,
Bearded with ferns and larches,
And like a priest their course hath spanned
With his encircling arches.

*Two little rivers with these bird-like names which meet near the scene of the poem.

II.

Thus as our lives together run,
  Dear heart, through maze and meadow,
Love's very shadow shapes a sun,
  Formed half of sun, half shadow;
For he the ancient Pontifex,
  With irises of sweetness,
Hath arched our lives, whose joys' reflex
  Hath pictured his completeness.

III.

Since first he stood above our way,
  Joy's castellan, hope's porter,
Our half fate in the upper ray,
  And one half writ in water,
We trip us songfully through doubt
  Of benison or banning,
Knowing our lives are rounded out
  Within his circlet's spanning.

IV.

Upon no brighter, statelier town,
  Than blithe Saint Edmundsbury,
Did once the sun of Faith shine down,
  When England still was merry,

And this the song sung by the Lark,
  And echoed by the Linnet
To us, as by its ancient arc
  We spent each love-lit minute.

BURY, ENGLAND, September, 1891.

TENBY.

WELL-NAMED "the Naples of the West,"
  Thou lovely seaport town,
That from thy stately rocky crest
  On ocean's face look'st down.

To thee upturned his glance of love,
  Beneath thy lofty tower,
He sighing swain doth restless rove
  Around thy maiden bower.

To thee, in brightest hues arrayed,
  He breathes his lispings warm,
For thee his runic serenade,
  His rhapsodies of storm.

His pleasure-crafts by balm-lipped breeze,
  Towards thy sweet bay are set,—
Joy's silken-sailed argosies
  Alone its blue waves fret.

For thee his fields of tidal green,
For thee his spray-white meads,
His ambient acres own thee queen,
In ceaseless tones he pleads :

"Come down, come down, O lady mine !
My arms must thee enfold,
Like grim Duenna guards thy shrine
Yon cliff so stern and cold."

In vain he scales the rampart walls
To reach thy chamber's close ;
Thy shadow on his bosom falls,
As falls my lady's rose.

TENBY, ENGLAND, September 21, 1890.

INSULA VECTIS.

Dedicated, by permission, to Lord Tennyson, Poet-Laureate.

A POEM writ in leaves and waves,
A sylvan song in breezy staves,
A picture toned in loveliest dyes
Of Art's and Nature's rivalries.

The brightest gem in Albion's crest;
Dropped on her Sea Lord's heaving breast,
The central opal glittering
In his troth-plighting sapphire ring.

The Islet of the Isle of Isles,
The dimple 'mid her rippling smiles,
Petal from parent flower rift,
Upon the fields of foam adrift.

The golden heart of England's rose,
The pleasance of her garden-close,
Shekinah of her work-wracked breast,
Arcadia of her rest's unrest.

A bright star duplicated through
The crystal sphere from blue to blue,
Sea-lily odorous with delight,
Fair swan of grace, sweet Isle of Wight.

FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT, August 26, 1891.

IN THE SALA DELLE MUSE, AT THE VATICAN.

HERE reigns Apollo, crowned with kingly laurel,
Robed Musagetes of the tinkling lyre ;
Around his household-altar soars a choral,—
A spirit-song,—his raptured looks inspire
In risen shades of Tivoli's wakened choir,
Whose souls break through their marble's vivid pallor,
Reanimate with their Sun Lord's heavenly fire.
This is not merely Art's resplendent Sala,
It is, it is the Muse's own Valhalla.

ROME, January 12, 1891.

PAESTUM.

I.

HERE still with Art's majestic tone
Resounds the hymn of praise to Thee,
As once in ancient Poseidon,
Lord of yon molten turquoise sea,
Great trident-bearer of the main,
Or Zeus of the starry loft,
Or Ceres of the waving plain,
While roses wafted incense soft.

Pæstum.

II.

The temples now in ruins stand,
  The roses long have gone to dust,
The ferns have plinth and cornice spanned,
  Keeping the perished roses' trust.
The lizard darts where stood the priest,
  The drooping palm-tree breaks the blue,
Cicada chirps, the wild herds feast,
  Where dancing vestals garlands threw.

III.

Yet still with Art's inspirèd tone
  Those ruins echo praise to Thee,
On heaven's sapphire trumpet blown,
  Lord of the sky, the earth, the sea.
While yonder sweet Salernian shore
  Sings bygone myths and glories past.
The fane may fall, the rite be o'er,
  But thou, Art's God, the same dost last.

Pæstum, April 23, 1891.

VALLOMBROSA.

AN eyrie on the mountain's height
Where contemplation's eagles gather,
Among the boughs a nest of light,
Where dove-like souls may stay their flight
And brood amid devotion's ether.

A cleft within this wall of rock
That soars above yon aërial ocean,
A kingdom of Christ's little flock ;
Its fastness refuge, where no shock
Breaks still small voice of love's emotion.

A mount of myrrh and frankincense,—
San Miniato's hero came
And hallowed this green eminence,
And through doubt-clouded ages hence
Faith's splendor shines, a beacon flame.

What serves me Brunelleschi's dome?
What unto me Giotto's tower?
In Gualberto's cloister home,
From leaf on leaf on sylvan tome,
Peace chants joy's psalter hour by hour.

SUNSET FROM SAN MINIATO.

CROWNED with her turrets, fairest Florence lies
At Vespertide; a dream-entrancéd queen,
Upon her Arno's bed of Samite sheen,
'Neath her soft canopy of cerulean dyes:
The emblem lily of her high emprize
Upon her breast; her folded palms between,
Sceptre of her power o'er Art's realm serene,
O'erhead, a silvern lamp, the evening star a-skies,
A jeweled brazier, sunset *langued** with fires,
Before her couch the dusk incarnadines,
And Complin tones lull dim-aisled Echodom,
Whence, 'round her keeping watch like cowled friars,
In purple hoods the solemn Apennines
Chant their *Te Lucis ante Terminum.*

FLORENCE.

* A heraldic term for "tongued."

LA RIVIERA DESOLATA.

ASH WEDNESDAY, 1887.

I.

O FAIRER far than artist's dream,
Sweet land whose Summer never dies,
But glasseth in its spotless gleam,
All loveliness of seas and skies.

II.

Like Ceres' child, fair Proserpine,
Now ravished by the god of hell,
Earth may with long-spent quest repine
The glory of thy buried spell.

III.

For though thy girdle* rich doth float
In beauty 'neath her stricken face,
Its brilliant mesh but serves to note
The fair form lost to its embrace.

IV.

Yet not all lost, for pitying Heaven
And genial Spring shall yet restore
Thee back to light, while thou art given
Queen-sway of horror's storied shore.

* The Mediterranean.

III.

PERSONAL POEMS.

Here, as everywhere, one sees
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

Austin Dobson.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

OLD poets sing of the golden age,
And new ones sigh for the golden year,
Thine, thine their wished-for heritage,
Thy golden days are here.

These longing poets but a type
Of all who tread life's journey on;
In youth we sigh for hours ripe,
In age we weep them gone.

Thus songs and sighs alike compose
The simple burthen of each life,
In alternating verse and prose,
In chords of peace and strife.

Youth hails, with energy, afar
The glory-gilded mountain-height,
Nor heeds the floating clouds that mar
The pathway's needed light.

But age with garments wet with dew,
And torn by many a wayside brier,
Tastes in hope's fruit, life's journey through,
The ashes of desire,

And finds, when at the summit's peak,
The truth of proverb tried and old,
Unbelieved by souls in wisdom weak,
"All glitter is not gold."

Behind the vale of morning lies,
Wrapped in memory's misty pall,
Before the pathway downward hies,
Where shades of evening fall.

And if the title, Golden Year,
Be rightly to this station given,
It is because it lies more near
The zenith-light of Heaven.

Golden, because in that strong light—
The beacon which thy feet have sought—
Thou read'st life's lessons all aright,
Toil-paid thy wisdom bought.

Yet think not that I seek to shade,
With gloomy thoughts, thy festal joy,
Like fire-tried gold, 'tis brighter made
By chastening alloy.

As Israel in each fiftieth year
Release found from the old law's yoke,
So be thy bonds of grief and care
Now jubilantly broke.

If thou, upon thy mortal course,
  Hast borne the weight of many a woe,
Say, ere thou yield'st to sorrow's force,
  Dost thou no pleasures know?

Look where the fruitful harvest shines,
  As it in golden waves is rolled,
Or where amid the ripening vines,
  The vintage song is trolled.

Hast thou no well-tilled harvest-field
  To give of sheaves a garnered store?
Has labor's wine-press nought to yield?
  No wine of joy to pour?

Hast thou not sought, amid earth's dust,
  Of virtue many a priceless gem,
And treasured it from thief and rust,
  To stud thy diadem?

Hast thou no midnight vigils kept,
  Beside the restless couch of pain?
Nor with the weeping never wept?
  Are tears and watchings vain?

Has doubter from thee ever claimed,
  Unheeded, wisdom's precious words?
Or has thy speech been never framed
  To kindness' golden chords?

Hast thou no child to call thee blest,
  Responsive to maternal care?
No kinsman's soul sought in love's quest,
  Bought with the gold of prayer?

Yes, in the shadow of the rood
  Thou'st gathered, 'mid affliction's hours,
The fruits of seeds thou there hadst sowed,
  A wreath of passion-flowers.

And does thy household ever fear,
  Beneath thy roof the cold of snow:
Is not each double-clad dweller there
  Wrapped in thy scarlet's glow?

"All that love knows and feeds upon"
  Is thine, with yet an untold more,
King Lamuel's mother, for her son,
  Thy portrait drew of yore.

If all men's good be each man's rule,
  In the blest days the poets see,
Thy life has been (trained in that school)
  An endless jubilee.

Thus, with the oil of gladness, thou
  Hast been anointed o'er thy mates,
The works of thine own hands shall show
  Thy praises in the gates.

Though in a century's half-length
  Hast seen e'en empires rise and fall,
Yet thou, in honor and in strength,
  Still stand'st—a column tall.

May life's descending path for thee
  Be lit with sunset's richest hues,
And consolations plenteously
  Fall with the evening dews.

These failing, girt with heavenly strength,
  Then fearless light thy well-trimmed lamp ;
Seek 'mid night's shades thy journey's length,
  Unheeding dark or damp.

To cheer the weary hours away
  Thou'lt with the valiant woman sing,
Thy "Domine Probasti Me"
  Shall through the shadows ring.

Preluding thus thine endless song,
  May Heaven's day-dawn break for thee,
And all eternity prolong
  Thy golden jubilee.

July 21, 1870.

MY GODDESS OCTOBER.

A BIRTHDAY POEM TO MY WIFE.

I.

THY cradle at October sat,
Like one of the good Fates of old,
And all thy days within a maze
Of richest threads,—red, green, and gold,
Woven in storied beauty told.

II.

Life's tinted leaf, Love's golden sheaf,
Health's Autumn atmosphere benign,
The ripe fruits borne in Plenty's horn,
And grapes aburst with Joy's bright wine,
All, all in garnered fulness thine.

III.

Upon thy face she set the trace
Of her own lineaments complete,
Unto thy soul she gave the dole
Of mellow grace and virtue sweet,
That face and soul might thus compete.

IV.

Those bright hopes borne our nuptial morn,
By thee, my bride of Eastertide,
This harvest moon doth prove a boon
In rich effulgence verified,
Thou art, October deified.

V.

Each peachy cheek, brown eyes that speak
The tender looks of woman's love,
Red lips that part with music's art,
The golden heart all else above,
Unto my soul Love's harvest prove.

BERLIN, October 17, 1890.

A BRIDE OF AUTUMNTIDE.

MARIA EWING SHERMAN, MARRIED OCTOBER 1, 1874.

NOT when Spring, with dainty fingers,
Twined the wreath that briefly lingers
On fair Summer's brow of pride,
Fading when the Winter's dreary
Presence makes our hearts aweary,
Didst in sponsal beauty glide.

But while Autumn's mellowed splendor
Thrills the soul with rapture tender,
Like Love's vision glorified,
And her wealth of fruit long storing
From her golden horn is pouring,
Comest thou forth, O queenly bride.

Then no fickle wreaths of pleasure
Typify the circling measure
Of thy nuptial happiness,
But like Autumn's varied glowing
And her bountiful bestowing,
Life's Winter may Love's richness bless.

Daughter of a race of heroes,
Tenderly to-day the tear flows
From thy country's grateful breast,
As her warrior's praises sounding
On thy fair young head rebounding,
Crown the child his love has blest.

Lo ! before the radiant altar,
Standing without fear or falter,
Thou dost plight thy spousal truth ;
There thy nuptial lamp hast lighted,
Thence thy future pathway sighted ;
Tread it, trusting to God's ruth.

Thou must pass these gates of beauty,
Seeking fields of wifely duty,
Must from maiden pleasures part ;
What the gone days are denying
Lo ! the coming ones supplying,
By thy faith in *one* true heart.

But as bliss of earthly lovers
Ne'er can prove the joy that hovers
O'er us from the heart divine,
So may all earth's sweets contrasting
Be but shadows of the lasting
Joys that wait for thee and thine.

WASHINGTON, October 1, 1874.

HYMEN'S HARVEST.

VERSES EPITHALAMIC.

TO WALTER J. CUNNINGHAM.

Read at a dinner tendered him by his friends of the West Philadelphia Boat Club, in honor of his approaching marriage, October 1, 1887.

THE Springtide blossoms fell in pride
Where Summer roses budded,
Now with the glows of Autumntide
The mellow earth is flooded,
And at the feast where Nature now
Speeds off the gay-time parting,
With bowls aflow, and souls aglow,
The laugh and song are starting.

And ere we seek the calming poise
Of sturdier hearthstone pleasures,
Our souls count o'er the open's joys,
The Summer's golden measures.
Again, again, we tell in rhymes,
That flowery, leafy story:
Anon with bosky pantomimes
We'll cheer the Winter hoary.

So, pink and white, o'er Springtide dells,
  Dropped Walter's youthful pleasures.
So over Summer streams and fells
  Plucked he their roseate treasures,
And now the sound of wedding chimes,
  Through purple hazes, tender,
Tell of his manhood touched, betimes,
  With Love's Autumnal splendor.

For Love 'tis makes the world go round
  Through all the circling seasons,
Though e'er its secret power is found
  Above our rhymes and reasons,
Yet Autumn's hues emblazon best
  Its concentrated sweetness,
Whose fulness hath enriched lives blest,
  With harvest-like completeness.

And who, but he whom Art hath taught
  To blend with grace each color,
Should find a nuptial season fraught
  With inspiration fuller,
Than this sweet month that doth combine
  "Till death" the gay and sober,
The corn and wine, the grove and shrine,—
  The glory-filled October.

And so, to-night, with mirth and light,—
  His harvest-home we're keeping:
His aftermath of boyhood bright
  With tender love we're reaping,
And all his yielded stores of youth,—
  Strength, friendship, joy, and duty,—
We've garnered in our hearts, forsooth,
  In sheaves of golden beauty.

And all the memories waked to-night
  Of his gay hours fleeting,
We'll weave into a story bright
  For Winter nights' repeating.
We'll tell who "stroked" the surest oar,
  Who shook the camp with laughter,
His prowess over field and floor
  We'll echo to the rafter.

Our mellowed love, our heart-beats' count,
  As rich as Autumn's fruitage,
We bring to our knight-paramount,
  In fond devotion's scutage:
For him we press the bursting grapes
  Into our flagons blushing,
The joy that from his soul escapes
  Our kindred souls is flushing.

While *him* we chorus in our pride
  Upon *his* worth dilating,
Chant not our strophes the fair young bride
  Him tenderly awaiting?
Like seeks its like: one perfect whole.
  Less noble notes discarding
Of her we sing: her loving soul
  Knows best the prize she's guarding.

And when around his swinging crane
  His household blisses gather,
His greener prime, like sweet refrain,
  Shall cheer life's fouler weather.
Who counts the cost of snow and frost
  When Love prolongs youth's heyday?
Up, comrades, host! A brimming toast!
  "The Bridegroom—and his Lady."

October 1, 1887.

A NOVEMBER WEDDING SONG.

TO CAROLINE SHREEVE PUSEY.

YOUNG bride of the Thanksgiving-tide,
May peace and plenty e'er abide
With gratitude thy hearth beside,

And Christian love there brightly throw
A gladly kindled fireside glow,
Through all life's wintry gloom and snow.

And e'en the shadows born of it,
Like hearthstone witches lightly flit,
Whence only fireside fairies sit.

And when the bonds of earth are riven,
"The better part" to thee be given,
For household joys—THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

TO ANNETTA.

A VALENTINE.

ONE day, all satiate with sport
Of piercing hearts unto their marrow,
Cupid, asleep in sylvan court,
Awoke and missed both bow and arrow.

Then in commingled grief and rage
He roamed as far as e'er love's star gets,
And for a while earth owned an age
Of unpierced hearts, love's virgin targets.

But o'er his path ANNETTA trips,
A vision of lost treasures flashes—
His ruby bow,—her arching lips,
His quivered darts,—her trembling lashes.

YE FEAST OF GOOD SAINT VALENTINE,
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE.

TO ADELAIDE RISTORI.

ON WITNESSING HER IMPERSONATION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

RISTORI, in thy glorious ideal
The mind, entranced beneath thy rapturous sway,
Can tell how well-nigh fancy proves the real,
Stealing with subtle force each tenderest sense away.
The Stuart and the Tudor, with conflicting woes
May counterfeited stir a sympathetic chord;
We waste a tear on mythologic throes,
The while Medea mourns her recreant spouse and lord.
But Gallia's great queen in thee repeats her doom,
And bears, as erst she bore, affliction's darkest frown,
While thou, from flowers wherewith love strews her tomb,
For thine own brows hast wreathed a fadeless crown.

OCTOBER 24, 1867.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

"Christine Nilsson sailed to-day for New York."—Cablegram in daily papers.

HAIL to the little bird that wings
Her flight with music's dower,
Not from the land of balmy springs,
Nor yet from tropic bower,

But from the land of endless snow,
Of saga and of fable,
Where Boreas' mystic javelins glow
Amid the shadows sable.

Not whence rich dreams of beauty lie
Amid the zephyrs cheering,
But from the same clear bracing sky
A Jenny Lind once rearing.

Where crashed the thunderbolts of Thor,
Where Friga and stout Woden
Erst reared the hardy sons of war,
The sea-kings ships that rode in.

From forest fastness of the North,
Where only dwells the raven,
From Europe's gilded cages forth
To greet this distant haven.

For old-world wars with grim alarms
  Her song well-nigh were dulling,
And so she comes, with music's charms,
  Our souls' life-battles lulling.

And rightly is she named Christine,
  For her Christ-given power
To thrill, by floods of song serene,
  With joy, grief's weary hour.

Then haste the ocean billows o'er
  Where stormy petrels hover:
Thrice welcome to fair freedom's shore,
  Thou little song-winged rover.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1870.

A WELCOME TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

ON HER RETURN TO THE AMERICAN STAGE, 1872.

WE welcome thee, we welcome thee,
  With heart and lip to-night,
Returning with the cycling years
  In time's revolving flight;
Rich with the mellowing grace that now
  The classic shades of Rome
Have given to thy ripened powers,
  Back to thy native home.

Thou comest like a wakened strain
  Of some forgotten song,
Thou comest like a pleasant face
  Long lost amid life's throng,
As though an Autumn day should bear
  To earth Spring's choicest flowers,
To cheer away the saddening ray,
  Ere Winter shrouds the bowers.

How many a queen of lyric art
  Has stirred the spirit's chords,
Since thou, in all thy well-proved worth,
  Hast trod thy native boards.
Janauscheck's sweetest potency,
  A Seebach's classic art,
Ristori's royal grandeur, each
  Have captive ta'en the heart.

Not for Italia's gifted child,
  Germania's two-fold pride,
Have we unto thine equal gifts
  The meed of praise denied ;
No ! no ! through all the lapse of years
  We've been to memory true,
We have not changed the older friend
  In guerdon for the new.

Nor yet forgot how thou didst wear
  Queen Katherine's thorny crown,
The fierce terrific majesty
  Of Woolsey's tread and frown,
The startling form of Nancy Sykes,
  Or weird Meg Merrilies,
The Lady Macbeth that of old
  Our very veins would freeze.

Sires and matrons that have told
  The story of thy fame,
Now with their children's children come,
  To crown the loud acclaim,
That these unto their future born
  Shall lovingly repeat,
Prolonging thus in turn the praise
  For echoing epochs meet.

Thrice welcome then thy presence now
  To youth that saw thee not,
Thrice grateful too thy epilogue
  To age with memories fraught,
Ere yet the scene of life is closed,
  Its painted curtain down,
Its stage-lights out, the company
  In midnight darkness gone.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22, 1872.

TO WILSON BARRETT AS "HAMLET."

NO "sweet bells jangled out of tune"
Are these old tones of Shakespeare's prime,
This solemn ancient Danish rune
By thy grace set to action's rhyme,
Nor pallid stripling sicklied o'er
With frenzied philosophic thought
Art thou, who from the poet's lore
Hast finer sense of fitness wrought.

Thou seemest all Ophelia showed:
The courtier, soldier, scholar,—aye,
Fond son,—thou player well bestowed;
To hold as 'twere the mirror high
To Nature and the time's impress,
"With words of so sweet breath composed,"
As e'en from tragedy's wild stress
Have untold melody disclosed.

We hail thee Albion's freshest rose,
Expectancy of Art's fair state,
That with pure Nature's richest glows
The old text dost illuminate,
While thou thyself dost fitly seem
The princeliest figure of the page
That like some old scriptorian's dream,
Hath flashed upon our prosier age.

PHILADELPHIA, December 1, 1886.

TO MADAM JANAUSCHECK AS "MEG MERRILIES."

I.

THOU hast no right to rob the dead,
O, artist woman weird and bold,
To snatch this crown of bays from Cushman's head,
And keep it steadfast in thy tragic hold.
Her sway should here be ever uncontrolled—
As was Meg Merrilies' own, the wayward Gypsy Queen,
Think'st thou in this to find our hearts' love dead and cold,
That thou should'st come 'twixt her and memory's vision keen,
Or pluck from off her dust thy latest laurels green?

II.

But hark! from where Mount Auburn's shades
Funereal canopy that dust,
The old-time voice my jealous thought upbraids:
"Gently, my friend, be not to Art unjust,
Since death alone could rob me of this trust,
Let not thy love for me thy love for Art impair;
Spring rightly claims the green that blooms from Autumn's rust;
The mantle and the staff, as of mine art true heir,
What death cannot retain; let her thrice worthy bear."

JANUARY, 1887.

A WELCOME TO W. S. GILBERT AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ON THEIR JOINT FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRODUCTION OF THEIR OPERA, "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

GAILY "over the bright blue sea"
Brothers of song and poesy,
Welcome to Freedom's starlit beach,
Where the westward tide of Saxon speech
Brought ye in spirit long before,
By the music-swelled sails of the Pinafore.

Troubadours twain, in very sooth
You've sought and found "the Palace of Truth."
No phantom structure here greets your gaze,
No myth nor ogre your footsteps stays,
No "sorcerer's" magic need open the door
For the true-hearted lads of the Pinafore.

For Freedom here is Truth's castellan,
Brethren her sons to each Englishman,
And each fresh beauty your steps that haunts
Is one of "your sisters, your cousins, your aunts,"—
Or your sweethearts,—your sesame of welcome, the score
Of the gallant tars of the Pinafore.

As Galatea's statue could start
To life, 'neath Pygmalion's love-fired art,
So our rustic land's unimpassioned grace
Warms to Love's life 'neath Art's embrace,
When she takes to her heart, from their distant shore,
The artist-born twins of the Pinafore.

No "trial by jury" determines your worth,
For music and song wing-footed by mirth,
Are the peers of the peerless and go where they will,
Read an *ave* and *salve* on every sill.
Then here're three cheers and thrice three more,
For the jolly art-twain of the Pinafore!

TO WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

THE LEGEND OF THE KYFFHAUSER.

AS with rich purple grape-juice of the Rhine,
We serve the light and gaily sparkling wine,
That flows from conquered fields of fair Champagne,
And then for thee exultant, klink and drink and drain,
As thou dost twine round thy sharp victor lance,
Mid clustering wreathed grapes, the *fleur de lis* of France.
So in thy noble self how graciously doth blend
The sire, the sage, the warrior, the friend.

No puppet king by right of tinsel crown,
Nor yet by dubious might of despot's iron frown,
But by the power given from above,
Anointed with the unction of thy people's love,
Surely, in thee, old Barbarossa wakes
From his long fabled sleep, and his stone pillow breaks,
While from the crumbling tower of German might
The crows of discord, seeing thee, take flight,
And like a peasant page, his peoples with accord,
Before thee bear the mystic shield and sword,
The sword that hung on Allemaigne's withered tree,
Shall make it bud with blooms of liberty.
Though from thy ravens' fastness in the North,
Thou conquering lead'st thy mailed heroes forth,
The woes unwilling caused thou wouldst efface,
With e'en the tenderness of woman's grace.
Grand as thy pictured mien, Oh, keep thy fame
For aye unsullied by the tongue of blame,
Be this be thy story, writ on history's scroll,
NEVER HAD CROWNED KING MORE TRULY ROYAL SOUL.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1870.

TO LEO XIII.

ELECTED TO THE PONTIFICATE, FEBRUARY 20, 1878.

PECCI the gentle! thou art made
The Lion of the Lord:
How deftly thus diversity
Becomes in thee accord.

As from the lion's open breast
That Israel's giant slew,
The honeycomb, pre-nuptial feast
'Mid Timnath's vines, he drew.

So, Leo, from thy peaceful soul
Shall mother-church's might
Draw forth the sweetness found in strength,
That conquering doth not smite.

Whereon the bees, those zealous souls
That to Faith's vineyard speed,
Have clustered, while with convert hearts,
The Philistines shall feed

On meat that from the eater comes,
On sweetness from the strong,
Nor think that mercy wedding might
Shall solve Love's riddle wrong.

Nor in that glad solution see
  Armagh's Seer-pontiff fail.
Break ! break ! o'er Pio's tear-pearled tomb,
  Lumen in cœlo ! Hail !

In rainbow beauty pierce the storm,
  Lo ! Winter's night declines :
Oh mother-church lift up thy head,
  THE SUN IN LEO SHINES.

TO CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

AT THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

THE love-enlaurelled queen of sylvan song,
  From out the studious cloisters of the East,
Hath come the Cymbrian hills and vales among,
  To grace with Orient glow their bards' ancestral feast,
The vestal here doth sit beside the priest,
  And keeps alive the temple's Bardic fires.
Roumania's gem glows on Snowdonia's breast,
  And pours inspiring rays on Bangor's sacred choirs,
  And gilds anew the chords of Gwlia's ancient lyres.

All other crowns from thine new lustre wear,
Thou rulest alike the hearts and minds of men,
Whether from throne of state or poet's chair
Wielding anon the sceptre or the pen,
The realms of sense thou knowest with woman's ken.
Thy rule is love : all earth doth own its sway,
And like Egeria from her mystic glen
Thou teachest monarchs wisdom's royal way :
Secrets of nature's soul revealed in music's lay.

LLANDUDNO, WALES.

A GREETING.

CHARLES F. SIMMONS, MAY 4, 1874.*

WHEN Summer stood full-robed in bloom,
Across the sunlit seas you sped,
And left a legacy of gloom,
As all her gladness with you fled.

While changeful Autumn walked the glades,
We pensive watched for your return ;
Hope's lights and disappointment's shades
Bid Autumn reign o'er hearts that yearn.

* Died at St. Moritz, Switzerland, and buried in its village churchyard, April, 1889.

And lo! beside our Christmas hearth
Stark Winter sat in blank despair,
Despoiled of half her festal mirth,
For want of your bright presence there.

But now, with birds on home-bent wing,
You've come athwart the storm-girt main,
Like those joy-harbingers to bring
Sweet Springtime to our hearts again.

And as of old for exiled John,
The book mysterious seven-sealed
Was ope'd, and its bright pages on
Trans-cloudland glories were revealed,

So unto you, from friends and home
In sadness severed, have been broke
The mystic seals of Europe's tome,
Whose glories through space misty woke.

And as around this festal board
We meet to give you greeting back,
And take you to our hearts restored,
Safe from the snares of ocean's track;

We pledge you, with wine-reddened lip,
That not more gaily o'er the deep
Danced on your homeward-bounding ship,
Than to our tongues our welcomes leap.

And as you tell us leaf by leaf
  Your rich apocalyptic tale,
Will not its beauties for the grief
  Of weary waiting months avail?

Just as these rosy-crowned hours
  That dance along like pranksome elves,
Bespeak, by all their genial powers,
  The joy you've brought our sadder selves.

Then be our meeting here to-night
  A pledge of that which on Time's shore
Our hearts and souls shall reunite,
  Where words of parting sound no more.

When through life's clouds rolled as a scroll,
  A scene of fadeless gladness breaks,
And to each weary pilgrim soul,
  The vision of his true home wakes.

A WELCOME.

TO S. EDWIN MEGARGEE AND FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM, ON THEIR RETURN FROM EUROPE, OCTOBER 13, 1874.

DIPPED the flag and boomed the cannon
When your proud ship sailed away,—
Emblem was that drooping pennon
Of our saddened hearts that day,—
Like joy's dirge the salvo sounded,
As you cleaved the sparkling spray.

Rose the flag and boomed the cannon
As your gay ship homeward came,—
Emblem was that rising pennon
Of our joy's reviving flame,
And like triumph-drums the salvo
Spoke our welcoming acclaim.

You have traced a path of beauty
For your joy-shod pilgrim feet,
We have done love's vigil duty,
With a patience sadly sweet,
Eyes astrain and hearts all yearning,
Swift your portward barque to greet.

Lo ! sweet Summer cast her roses
O'er your outward foamy path,
As Faith's heartfelt prayer reposes
Flowers of hope o'er ocean's wrath,
Now with Autumn's latest harvest,
Bring you us joy's aftermath.

All the blooms of Europe's byways,
All the treasures of her mines,
All the glories of her highways,
All the blessings of her shrines,—
How as rich as these your presence
Words tell not,—the heart divines.

Gazed you too with filial rapture
On our Pontiff Father's face,
And have left your hearts the capture
Of his smile's enchanting grace,
But in guerdon brought his fruitful
Blessing through the foamy space.

Not a track of your departing
Rests now on the billowy brine,
Not a trace of tears then starting
Furrows cheeks from eyes that shine
With the gladness of your coming,—
Pleasure's gems from gloom's deep mine.

Mary Mother, *Maris Stella !*
For this joy our thanks to thee,
Guide us all o'er each dark billow,
E'en through pleasure's treacherous sea,
'Till we reach our home-port, Heaven,
Welcomed with angelic glee.

TO HENRY J. THOURON.

ON HIS RETURN FROM ROME FOR THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, JULY 4, 1876.

I.

ART lured thee from thy native shore,
A willing pilgrim o'er the seas,
Who blames? since Orpheus' lute of yore
Could move the very rocks and trees.

II.

There far from home and each loved friend,
And sure affection's converse sweet,
A lover passionate didst spend
Youth's golden hours at her feet.

III.

But hark ! what music breaks those spells?
What rival mistress claims Art's sway?
The voice of Freedom's joy-toned bells
That usher in her festal day.

IV.

Columbia's glad centennial chimes,
Whose echoing music 'witched thine ear,
The chorus of the thundering rhymes
From patriot's shout and cannonier.

V.

The while she with a thousand flags
From lattice, spire, mast, peak, dome,
Waves to each truant child that lags
In distant lands a summons-home.

VI.

When Art herself doth westward send
Her tribute-treasures from the East,
Shall Freedom's wandering son not lend
His presence at his mother's feast?

VII.

Then welcome to thy native shore,
Love waits with tenderest caress:
Who loves his native land the more
Will never love true art the less.

TO HENRY PETTIT AND GEORGE W. BACON.

ON THEIR TIN HOUSEWARMING, OR TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR BACHELORS' HALL, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

Accompanying a hand-painted tin pear fastened uprightly to a tin plate.

I.

WITH the tin-*ten*-abulation
Of *Plate-on*-ic wedding bells,
Sending out their dulcet accents
On the mellow Autumn air,
I send this little tribute
That so eloquently tells
Of the roseate harvest-homing
Of a *single* happy *pair*.

II.

But though your years are *fruitful*
With much domestic bliss,
There's yet a little circumstance
That claims my friendly prayer.
Though you're a most *united* pair,
That circumstance is this:
That each may yet divided, be
Still equally a *père*.

III.

No *decade*nce to your *decades*,
May they slip like jewelled beads
That glide through fairest votress hands,
And when life's harvest's done,
Of newer joys and brighter hopes
May Time's sands prove the seeds,
And though two fair ones ha(l)ve the *pair*,
Duplexed in *still life one!*

TO THE POSTMASTER.

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

ROUND Gloucester, Mass., without a fail,
They served three times a day the mail,
With only two spry postmen;
But when the postmen grew to four,
They served the mail from door to door,
But twice per day to coastmen.

Now children, in their work at school,
May try their heads to solve this rule
Of three,—if they can do it:
If there should be two postmen more,
Would the mail come along the shore
At all?—not if we know it.

BASS ROCKS, August, A.D. 18—

SOUVENIRS OF WATERLOO.

(*a*) FLOWERS SENT BY LADY FRIENDS.

FOREVER true and thankfully,
I'll keep those maidens' memory
Who sent me o'er the Summer sea,

By friendly hands the flowers few,
That once in radiant beauty grew
Upon the field of Waterloo,

And hope for them the sea of life
May bear, from fields of earthly strife,
Sweet flowers of peace with beauty rife.

(*b*) A CANE FROM A GENTLEMAN FRIEND.

HOW many a king and needy court
Yearns for the gift that here is mine,
Since in its strength for my support,
"All Europe's best blood" doth combine.

IV.

IN LIGHTER VEIN: VERS DE SOCIETÉ.

Here, in this secluded close,
Bloom the hyacinth and rose;
Here beside the modest stock,
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock.

Austin Dobson.

DANS LA SERRE: AU BAL MASQUÉ.

I LINGER where the roses glow,
Epaulettes de Jacqueminot,
Where deep a maiden's heart conceal
The golden stars of *Marechal Neil,*
As if to tell Love's triumphs won ;
—*Conquêtes de sa belle Amazon.*

I linger where the fountains flow,
Verzenay and *Veuve Cliquot,*
By babbling streams of fair Champagne
I live the *Trouvères'* dreams again,
The feeling I can scarce express
Peut-être on dit en France—L'IVRESSE !

I linger where the trumpets blow
Allegro and *adagio,*
And with their undulating call
My enthrilled spirits rise and fall,
The *motif* I dare not confess,
Le doute me tient : l'espoir me presse.

I linger where the tapers burn
Their lengthening flames like souls that yearn,
So longeth my impassioned soul
As flame seeks kindred flame—the goal
What is't? My tongue still lacks address,
Mais c'est le rêve de ma jeunesse.

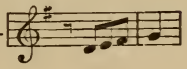
I linger where a damasked cheek
Doth brighter than the roses speak,
I bask me where a laughing glance
Outsparkles all the wines of France.
The cause perchance you now may guess
En Français on l'appelle—CARESSE!

I linger where a heaving breast
Speaks indecision's deep unrest,
I listen while from ruby lips
The sweetest of sweet music slips,
The note that sounds my happiness,
En Anglais on le rende par—YES!

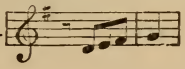
All masks are dropped—at just that word—
A laugh is 'mid the roses heard,
Near by a marble cherub stands
Blindfold, an empty bow in hands ;
I—pierced by Cupid's truest steel
Surrender self to—*Marechal Neil.*

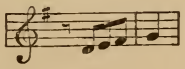
May 1, 1886.

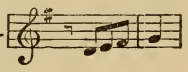
A GAY QUAKERESS.

THE loveliest thing at all the ball,
In whirling space or quiet nook,
Swanlike, slender, graceful, tall,
Her name? it was— 

For her, e'en from the very first,
The other beauties I forsook;
She, nectar to my spirit's thirst,
Her name it was—

She in complexion perfect blonde,
Demure and Quakeress-like her look,
Beneath which lurked a smile profound,
Her name it was— 

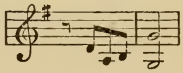
The soft emotions of her face
Pure leaflets were of Nature's book,
In which I read a tale of grace,
Her name it was— 

Her high-necked dress of sylvan green
From every fold a perfume shook,
I worshipped her, my star, my queen,
Her name it was— 

Gently, at length, I drew aside
Her form, and to my heart I took
Her face that bent in maiden pride,
Her name! it was—

ENVOY.

My secret now I'd best disclose,
Your patience scarce more test will brook,
This creature fair was *but a rose*,
Her name it was "CORNELIA COOK."



A BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

HIS noble head was frosted o'er
With sixty winter's crispy snows,
While in his button-hole he wore
A lovely *Catherine Mermet* rose.

Then answered one their taunts jocose,
Who said he played an old fop's part,
"What counts o'erhead the Winter snows,
If Summer blooms are round the heart?"

A CHRISTMAS WARNING.

BALDUR the beautiful, in all his god-like pride,
Exempted was from every harmful blow,
Save from the plant 'neath stroke of which he died,
Hurled at him by an old blind god,—the mistletoe.

So, daring youth, that scorn'st each amorous shaft,
Beware blind Cupid, though he hide his bow,
This seeming infant, old in years and craft,
Fells many a gallant wight "beneath the mistletoe."

A NEW SEQUENCE TO AN OLD SONG.

Myrtilla early on the lawn
Steals roses from the blushing dawn,
But when she lies abed till ten
Aurora steals them back again.

Old Song.

MYRTILLA, up at break of light,
Finds poppies dropped from car of night,
And picking them from off the lawn,
By ten A. M. begins to yawn.

Her early rising tends to vice;
She steals, and stealing sinneth twice;
Her theft by scandal made more ample;
Aurora takes her bad example.

For though at dawn she'd blush to see
Such criminal precocity,
By ten o'clock she's lost her shame,
And takes by *stealth* her *legal* claim.

Daybreak or ten, in either case,
Myrtilla gets things out of place;
To make life wholesome, square and even,
She'd better leave her bed at seven.

V.

MEMORIAL POEMS.

Here be shadows large and long.

Austin Dobson.

TRIUMPHAL REQUIEM.

REV. FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S.J.

I'M bid to sing while others weep,
To joy while they sad vigils keep,
While in the house of mourning they,
The house of feasting claims my lay.

I must, like Israel's sons of yore,
Sing Sion's song by Babylon's shore,
And tune to life the harp unstrung,
Which grief hath on the willows hung.

Oh, stricken souls, I envy not
The privilege of your sadder lot,
While you in shades of sadness roam,
Mine! mine! to chant his triumph-home.

The faithful servant of his God,
Whose presence healed where'er he trod,
Bearing within the flesh's veils,
The spirit of the Saint of Sales.

Then why should we lament his loss,
Since he is freed from life's dread cross?
Or meanly count as cost of pain,
The price of his eternal gain?

O nimis Felix! Sacred rite,
Baptismal gave that name of light,
Happy on earth, thy children's love
Hails thee thrice happier above.

Blest servant of thy Lord, well done!
Thy labor o'er, the goal is won.
Pray, that as here, so hand in hand,
Thou'lt lead us through the heavenly land.

In vain my feeble harp essays
To sound a worthier key of praise,
The notes must faint the chords along
When saints become the theme of song.

JUNE 9, 1869.

DEAD AT CHRISTMAS.

REV. JOHN P. DUNN, RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE good are going from us,
The souls of the olden time
Are passing away through the misty ray
Like the peals of a golden chime.

Amid our Christmas carols
There comes a voice of woe,
As Rachel's rose o'er Rama's plains,
At Christmas long ago.

As in our Christmas vespers
The DE PROFUNDIS peals,
So, shadowing all our festive joy,
This darkening sorrow steals.

We mourn to-day a father,
A more than common friend,
Who gave himself for us in Christ,
To be spent and to spend.

With the zeal of noble Patrick,
With the martyr's courage true,
Sweetly withal as Neri's saint,
He souls to Heaven drew.

Like his patron John at Patmos,
Worn out with length of days,
His soul borne up on love's strong wings,
Pierced Heaven with eagle gaze.

With glory's aureola
His snow-white locks around,
Amid the laurelled patriarchs
Ascends he to be crowned.

As they longed for the coming
Of Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Not with less patient longing he
Yearned for this sure release.

As the angel brought glad tidings
To the shepherds 'mid Christmas night,
So all death's darkness proved to him
But an awakening light.

He being dead yet speaketh,
In the works that he hath done,
Our lives must be the accents of
That grand ideal tongue.

Fresh as the Christmas garlands
That break our wintry gloom,
The memory of his virtues rare
Shall twine around the tomb.

Bright as the Magi-leading star,
His treasured guidance given,
Cheering our path 'mid dark and doubt,
'Till we greet him in Heaven.

DECEMBER 29, 1869.

A MIDSUMMER MONODY.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF VERY REV. PATRICK EUGENE MORIARTY, D.D., O.S.A., DIED JULY 10, 1875.

¶ "I hope to find you well and happy when I may next meet you, when the wilderness smiles again in the beauty and bloom of Spring." —Dr. Moriarty's last letter to the author.

I.

OH, vain for me the friendly thought !
We met, indeed, in Spring's full bloom ;
But round thy presence sorrow-sought,
It deepened the contrasting gloom.

For Death had there his angel sent,
And from his sable wing then fell
The shade, like Summer cloud, that lent
New meaning to thy last farewell.

II.

Thy silver hairs have kissed the dust,
  Thy golden tongue has ceased its flow ;
Thy pulseless hand clasps, stained with rust,
  The pen it sped with fiery glow.

The splendors of thine eagle glance
  Are quenched from eyes that death has sealed ;
Gone like sweet visions of a trance,
  The joys thy presence grand revealed.

Yet doth thy glorious work remain,
  As shaft up-pointing to the skies
Reared, where thy ashes gently lain,
  Triumphantly our grief defies.

And sailing from the unknown shore,
  With grief-furled sails, I seem to see
Come, at thy tomb its wealth to pour,
  Love's tribute-freighted argosy.

Thence saddened wit, pure-souled in mirth,
  Her sacrifice of gladness brings,
While music owns thy minstrel worth
  With throbbing of her tuneless strings.

Mute eloquence in sadness bows,
  As elegy her grief doth sing,
And patriotism bids new vows,
  Like life-sparks from thy ashes spring.

And science, with inverted torch,
  Bespeaks the measure of her loss ;
Religion, 'neath her sacred porch,
  Clasps firmly her consoling cross.

Lo ! Erin's genius from afar,
  Above thy dust her shamrocks layeth ;
There, too, like spark from Magian star,
  Gleams dusky India's gem of faith.

Columbia's grace-adopted son !
  She honors thee with holiest praise,—
And Europe sings thy triumphs won,
  When pressed thy feet her zeal-cleft ways.

A hater, thou, of falsehood's shams,
  Lo ! truth doth with thy praise concur,
And poverty's uplifted palms
  Bless charity's dead almoner.

And friendship o'er thy mouldering clay,
  Commingles, from each tear that starts,
Her pure libation while we pay
  The tribute of our sorrowing hearts.

III.

I turn me from the mourner's woe,
  Called gently by a holy bell,
And organ-notes that richly flow
  Like God's own peace o'er hill and dell.

Where bland midsummer silent twines
  Her richest wreath, for him who paid
His loving court at Nature's shrines,
  Through snowy rift or sunlit glade,

Where oft, the sweet, long Sabbath-day,
  We lingered where the roses climb,
And whiled the dreamy hours away
  With stories of his golden prime,

In classic hall or sacred fane,
  O'er ocean or o'er mountain-pass,
By festal board, on battle-plain,
  Through jungle or the wild morass.

Shall sound the sweet bell from the tower,
  The organ still its rich floods pour,
The trellis bloom with fern and flower,
  But his dear face is there no more.

But through the clover-scented haze
  The bright blue heavens seem to part,
And lo! before my raptured gaze,
  Apocalyptic splendors start.

Again, I, on the Lord's blest day,
  Like the Evangelist, am caught
And borne on viewless wings away,
  Up through the ether mystery-fraught.

IV.

Ecclesiæ Sancte Lumen! Death
But dimmed, not stifled thy bright flame;
It leaps to seek the heavenly breath,
The parent spark from whence it came.

And where each golden mitre gleams
Upon thy Pontiff-patrons' brows,
The radiance on thy white head streams
Like sunshine glistening on the snows.

Sweet *Mater consolatrix* hails,
With rapturous joy, her fervent son,
And echo the seraphic gales:
"Blest servant of thy Lord, well done!"

And there thou gain'st for cross the crown,
For pilgrim's staff the victor's palm,
Thy Master's smile for earth's dark frown,
For mortal turmoil heaven's sure calm.

And oh! while joy's estatic thrill,
Thy soul for aye in that bright home,
Be yet our guide, by prayer, until
The Spirit and the Bride say, come!

And then where flowers perennial bloom,
We, while the pruner's voice shall sound
And wake us from death's wintry gloom,
To meet thee o'er the hills shall bound.

THE HERMITAGE, CHESTNUT HILL, Sunday, July 18, 1875.

AT WOODSTOCK.

MAY 23, 1888.

IN TENDEREST TRIBUTE TO VERY REV. EDWARD JOHN SOURIN, S.J.

"His sepulchre shall be glorious."

I.

OLD Philadelphia wafts to-day
To Woodstock's bloom-clad hills
This simple love-inspiréd lay,
This solitary leaf of bay,
For one who, 'mid the blooms of May,
A poet's cerement fills.

II.

And from her hundred altars rise,
'Mid Pentecostal glows,
The clean oblation's sacrifice,
And prayer's expiatory sighs
For him, her angel-priest, who lies
In flower-palled repose.

III.

While in her churches' silvery chimes,
Our spirits seem to hear
The echo of a song that climbs,

From valley of youth's distant times,
And mingles with the grief-toned rhymes
That float around his bier.

IV.

And where at Mother Mary's shrine,
With May-tide beams aglow,
Her children wreaths of praise entwine,
Lips tremulously interline,
With plaintive sobs, the hymns divine
He taught them long ago.

V.

Earth had no wintry grave for him
Whose soul was as a bower ;
Safe-guarded by love's seraphim
With flaming sword, lest blight should dim,
Or age corrode what grace did trim
With virtue's every flower.

VI.

Then trill your songs, blithe birds of May,
Break, earth, in Summer bloom,
Above his venerated clay
No shade funereal doth stay :
His grave reflects each joyous ray
From Easter's garden-tomb.

VII.

Yet ne'er ye'll picture, bud nor bird,
By emblem joy the bliss
Wherewith angelic hosts are stirred,
Your speech contains no mystic word
To tell his welcome, where are heard
The heavenly choirs—for this,

VIII.

Is he who to the psalmist's quest
Did merit's stature fill:
The man who with unblemished breast,
Robed in simplicity's pure vest,
Doth in God's tabernacle rest
And on his holy hill.

ENVOY.

O poet, priest, and patriot, dead
To earth, in God to live,
Thou whose sponsorial hand did shed
The dews baptismal on the head
Of him whose harp thy praise doth wed,
Prayer's dewy grace now give.

THE DEAD SCRIPTORIAN.

SISTER MARY PATRICIA, S.N.D.

THE convent sun-rays tinted fall,
Like flowerets, on her funeral pall,
Who answers to the Spouse's call:

My beauteous one, my love, my dove,
No longer in the desert rove,
Come to thy bridegroom's home above.

But who is she from earth thus torn,
On sweet Saint Catherine's festive morn,
Like her by angels upward borne?

One whose fair brow shewed the kiss
Of Heaven, whose soft eyes shed the bliss
Of a *Mater Admirabilis.*

A gentle spirit, trusting, free,
Unconscious of simplicity,
As singing bird on Summer tree.

Transplanted from the world's rude gaze,
In sweet content she passed her days,
A floweret in Christ's garden-ways.

Her labor, with artistic plume
To decorate some beauteous tome,
With rare device and varied bloom,

Just as the holy monks of old
Would ornament, with grace untold,
The blest Evangel's parchment scrolled,

While overhead, though unseen then,
The angel with a golden pen
Who notes the saintly deeds of men,

In letters gloriously bedight,
With Heaven's fadeless lustre bright,
Her name wrote in the book of light.

Her sponsal cycle now gone round
Who saints with pictured aureoles bound,
In turn is with them glory-crowned.

NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

A CHILD OF SONG.

SISTER MARY EUPHRASIA BELSON, S.N.D.

A RICH-TONED dirge for one who sang
Earth's purest notes so free,
The memory of whose gentle life
Breathes naught but melody.

The key-notes of whose holy deeds
Were preludes to the song
She wakens now in heavenly mirth,
Amid the white-robed throng:

The lily-bearing virgin train
Who sing their privileged psalm,
Beside the crystal stream of life,
The throne-fount of the Lamb.

She mingles with the rose-crowned group,
Where fair Cecilia's notes
And golden harp-strings lead the song,
In ecstasy that floats,

In tides of heavenly harmony,
Adown the glittering line
Of vestal spouses in His train,
The Bridegroom's court divine.

And though for her now lost to earth,
We pay the tribute-tear,
Yet Heaven's gain and hers is ours;
For hark! Our spirits hear

Amid the cadences that fall
From yonder starry main,
The lispings of her loving plea
Glide through her worship-strain.

And know that she, who Martha-like
On earth was full of care,
Now at the Heavenly Master's feet,
Aids us with tranquil prayer.

Whose fond solicitude for souls
Sought vent in artless guiles,
Now finds the crown of labor done
In Jesus' favoring smiles.

And know o'er all the earthly dreams
Her dying notes exprest,
How "*sweeter far it is to see*
And on His beauty feast."

And though thy voice, O, child of song!
For earth be ever hushed,
Faith, staying grief's ungentle hand,
No chords of memory crushed.

The music of thy fairy tread,
And of thy kindly glance,
Breaks through the shadows of the tomb,
Like an euphonious trance.

And when adown the convent-aisles
The Christmas carols ring,
We'll hear thee lead the angels' song,
O'er Bethlehem echoing.

When heralds Easter's golden star
The Resurrection Day,
We'll hear thy heavenly transports hail
Jesus resucité.

When Pentecost in crimson clad,
'Mid ripening grain-fields roves,
Or flower-crowned Corpus Christi trips
Among midsummer groves,

Thy *Veni Sancte Spiritus*
Shall tell Him our desire,
Thy *Cor Amoris Victima!*
Still flame us with His fire.

When comes that queen of all the year,
Mary's Assumption Day,
Thy *Quae est Ista?* us shall waft
On music's wings away,

To where the Queen of Angels pays,
With tenfold heavenly worth,
Each gracious deed thou didst for her
And her sweet Son on earth.

No more beside the fountain's spray,
Amid the feathered tribe,
Sweet Princess of the blooms, we'll see
Thee cast thy crumby bribe ;

But as upon thy wintry grave
We strew our hearth-reared flowers,
Oh, pray that thus our barren souls
Be decked virtue's dowers.

And as in tribute o'er thy dust,
The snowbird pipes his lay,
Ask that our chant of peace so sound
'Mid gloom of earth's decay.

And when life's songs of labor o'er,
Our pilgrim-psalm is done,
May all our powers, attuned like thine,
Swell Heaven's rich unison.

DECEMBER 12, 1873.

AN EASTER ELEGY.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZA KEHOE, DIED MARCH 29, 1878.

WE turn the daisy-sprinkled sod,
With Springtide promise teeming,
To pillow death upon a clod
With resurrection beaming.

For Gentleness must seek a bed
Where violet scents are winging,
And Patience lay her thorn-crowned head
Where Easter buds are springing.

She who to Nature's every call,
Through grace, rose open-hearted,
Should rest within the verdant pall,
On Nature's bosom parted.

For Mercy's law was on her tongue,
And in her hand its healing,
The poor who to her garments clung
Knew her rich love's revealing.

No regal pomp surrounds her bier,
Although her life was queenly,
The poor her only kindred here
To mourn her—oh, how keenly!

Her deeds go forth like heralds to preach
  Louder than learnéd cleric,
And sweeter far than poet's speech,
  Her love-toned panegyric.

And she whose spirit, birdlike, soared
  Through life forever singing,
Now finds her fittest dirge outpoured
  Where Spring life's chords is stringing.

And while death's seed begins to bloom,
  From 'neath earth's snowy cover,
Her mortal seed should in the tomb
  Immortal life discover.

For He to whom, to yield His life
  And take it up, was given,
Made us co-conquerors in the strife,
  When death's dark gates were riven.

And He hath said: "Unless the seed
  Within the furrow falling
Itself shall die, it rests indeed
  No germ of life recalling."

Then take, oh, take her, Mother Earth,
  Unto thy pregnant bosom,
Whence her mortality seeks birth
  For life's immortal blossom.

What though our hearts are rent with woe,
  What though sweet memories clouded,
What though the joys of long ago
  Within her pall lie shrouded.

We know this price our love hath paid,
  And angels have released her :
Thus in this cross's every shade
  Bursts forth a bloom of Easter.

A WELCOME TO THE DEAD.

GEORGE I. WATERMAN, DIED IN PARIS, OCTOBER 21, 1874.

OH, gentle friend, thou art at rest,
And on the ocean's heaving breast,
In funeral pomp dost come.
'Tis meet that one whose gentleness
So calmly rode life's storm and stress,
Seeks thus at length his home.

A pilgrim, thou hast in the quest
Of life's blest fountain, proved thy zest
Through all earth's fairest fields.
Like Ponce de Leon thou hast found,
That earth holds not within its bound
What only Heaven yields.

And so the starry regions o'er
Thou, like a patient conqueror,
Thy spirit-path dost seek,
And while above thy treasured dust
We grieve, thy soul has won, we trust,
The kingdom of the meek.

SHERIDAN.

DIED AUGUST 5, 1888.

I.

BLOW, bugles of sorrow! blow taps of the night,
Blow sweetly, blow softly, as wavelets of light,
Beside the tomb's portal lies splintered pride's lance,
Rust cankers the sword of the meteor glance.
The eagle whose wing could defeat to earth dash,
As he soared, 'mid the battle-clouds' thunder and flash,
Over carnage that seethed,
To gaze with full eye upon victory's sun,
An arrow doth smite from his glory-lit height:
The lord of the fight
By death is undone!

II.

Blow, clarions of triumph! blow music's delight,
Blow gladly, blow madly, as when in the fight
At Five Forks to combat he tiger-like sprang,
Or as when by redeemed Shenandoah ye rang.
For the pale steed's dark rider, grim death, is unhorsed,
And our hero's brave soul from his grasp is uncorsed
As a sabre unsheathed.
The ghouls of the grave to their dust he doth run,
He rises in might from mortality's plight,
He faces God's light,
Life's battle is won!

THRENODY.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF PEGASUS CLUB.

I.

'NEATH sunlit shadows of the Pincian Hill,
Where rose and ilex breathe their balmy sweets ;
Around the spot where died the gentle Keats,
I caught the word that Lüders' voice was still.

II.

As he was foremost of our little band
Of minstrel spirits in his wealth of song,
So from his master grasp, the chords scarce strung,
First fell the lyre, 'neath Death's rude jarring hand.

III.

As round this storied home of classic Art
The deathless Summer breezes lingering play,
So, tremulous as filmy beauty of his lay
Did his soul's bloom, in song exhaled, depart.

IV.

The blight hath struck his bay-tree's tender shoot
And whirled its leaflets to his own green clod.
The Pan-like touch that spoke the pastoral god
Hath pressed but broken note from rifted lute.

V.

Oh, rich in promise, for some brighter sphere
Were tuned thy cadences to earth unsung:
Some happier choir shall see thy harp restrung,
Whose preludes only, we deserved to hear.

VI.

But all the sweet aroma of thy soul,
Like breath of flowers, twined round cinereal urn,
Though Death compress; shall memory's censer burn,
Love's incense, on the ashes of our dole.

ROME, February 8, 1891.

THREE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

VIRGINIA AND RACHEL, BORN–DIED JULY 15, 1892.

EDWARD, BORN JULY 14, 1891.

"Suppose we take the angels instead of fairies, and the dead instead of ghosts, and then see how we get on."—Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D.

I SAW two rosy cloudlets drift
Across the sky at gray of dawn,
Soon did the sun his banner lift,
Wrapt in his bosom they were gone.

I saw two buds dew-diamonded
With sacred drops, from noontide taints
Fresh plucked at morn ; their fragrance shed,
"The odors are the prayers of saints."

I saw two shades in loving strife
Wing o'er two souls but newly born ;
This angel Death, that angel Life,
Life's gift was night ; Death's blessing morn.

I looked on three midsummer fays,
Each peeping at auroral hour,
But when the shadows fled the rays ;
But one remained in love's bright bower.

The two had winged their cherub flight
Away beyond the morning star,
The third had stayed, to show how bright
The bright home where his sisters are.

July 21, 1892.

VI.

POEMS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

All is quiet else,—afar,
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Austin Dobson.

Glory be to the Graces!
That doe in publike places,
Drive thence whate'er encumbers,
The listening to my numbers.

Herrick.

SALUTATORY.

THE PEGASIAN'S DREAM.

Written for and dedicated to the Pegasus Club.

HAIL to the Steed ! The winged Steed,
Pet of the Muses nine,
Whose blood is of Medusan breed,—
Half human, half divine.

Trained by Minerva's gentle hand,
Gift to the minstrel choir,
Each favorite of that virgin band
To mount him may aspire.

And so in suppliant minstrel mood
We seek their sacred feet,
And pray their gracious sisterhood
To lend him—for a heat.

For, like Bellerophon of old,
As we her vigils keep,
Minerva brings the reins of gold,—
A dream of roseate sleep.

We hear the hoof's impatient stroke
That wakes the rushing tone
Of poesy's stream, as when it broke
The fount of Helicon.

And to our drowsy work-day souls,
  Its song is as the flow
Of green oasis stream, that cools
  The desert's fiercest glow.

Fresh from the cool well of Pirene
  Where he doth drinking stand ;
The bridle of fair wisdom's queen
  Doth lure him to our band.

And so to horse ! to horse ! we cry,
  Our kingdom for this horse !
We bid the tents of grief good-bye,
  For us, the poet's course

To where Parnassian clouds are curled.
  'Neath fancy's jeweled whip,
We'll " witch this dull prosaic world
  With noble horsemanship."

Our fiery steed we'll turn and wind,
  With no mere Phæthon's skill,
And leaving Ceres' fields behind,
  We mount the mystic hill.

For what to us life's cark and care,
  Earth's drudgery and toil ?
Our course is through Olympian air,
  Our quest Chimæran spoil.

Whose pasture-ground is Helicon,
  Shall he to plough be bound?
Whose course, Parnassus' heights upon,
  Must he be tied in pound?

Euterpe and Terpsichore
  Shall speed us at the start,
Polyhymnia, Thalia, for the way,
  Each do a sister's part.

And if sweet beauty lack a knight
  The *Trouvère's* arts we'll bring,
Save at the bower of Venus bright
  Our steed ne'er stays his wing.

Thence our star-gazing souls shall soar
  In welkin-echoing tones,
And wake Urania from her lore
  Of tracing orbs and zones.

And bid her cast the horoscope
  Of every lover's fate
In damsels' eyes—sweet stars of hope—
  For amorous wights who wait.

And if fair Clio lend her shell
  For songs of high emprize,
Calliope's noble soul we'll spell
  With Epic rivalries.

Melpomene's smile perchance we'll win
If we life's ills rehearse,—
E'en murder's set to music, in
Shakespeare's Macbethian verse.

We see the toil-spent sons of earth
Care-burdened 'round us fall:
We see how every mortal mirth
Is shrouded in grief's pall.

We see how every human eye
With sorrow's tear is wet:
We know full well the prophecy
That bread is bought with sweat.

But know we too the sermon blest:
The sad man, let him sing,
Then shall his heart be lulled to rest
With joy's sweet carolling.

Then play we the Samaritan,
And lift men to our steed,
We'll lead them to the publican
For wine and song's their need.

And with the oil of gladness shall
Their wounds anointed be,
And all their spirit know the spell
Of healing minstrelsy.

And prove to them the ancient test:
"Who loves not wine, wife, song,
(And song is wine and wife) doth rest
A fool his whole life long."

Then crowned with Laurentinean green,
Cups emptying to the dregs,
They'll quaff the draughts of Hippocrene
And drink down—"To our Pegs."

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

READ AT DINNER OF THE DE SALES INSTITUTE, JANUARY 30, 1871.

FRESH as the violet-scented gales
That fan the blooming cheek of May,
The memory of the Saint of Sales
Embalms with peace our souls to-day.

Lo! where the Switzer's snowy heights,
Crowned by the sunset's opaled beam,
Rule o'er the land of rich delights
Reflected in Geneva's stream.

Clear as that blue Genevan lake,
Bright as those soft Savoyard skies,
O'er whose unruffled azure wake
A dream of cloudland seldom lies.

So shines the mirror of his soul,
Whose spotless brilliancy we see
Reflect a beauty-varied whole,
The heights and depths of charity.

The gifts of nature and of grace
So richly in that soul combine,
The feasting heart and eye can trace,
The master-touch of hand divine.

And as we fondly gaze and gaze,
We prize the vision more and more,
'Till dazzled by the glorious rays,
On wings of joy we heavenward soar.

And in that tabernacle hide,
Whose mystic shades taught him the art
Of heavenly love, His wounded side,
Who meek and lowly was of heart.

Whose blesséd lessons here below
None e'er more fully taught than he,
How in our every act to show
Love's gracious, gentle courtesy.

Amid the sorrows of life's gloom,
Amid the storms of passion sharp,
His words angelic sweetly come,
Like tones of an æolian harp.

His soothing doctrine has the power
With golden chains each soul to thrall;
His own the genial Christ-like dower,
Himself of making all to all.

All souls in turn to Christ to win,
He makes them with God's freedom free,
Showing them heavenly treasures in
The mammon of iniquity.

A spirit his of knightly mould,
That scorns the meaner things of earth,
That looks beyond life's sensual fold,
To price hearts at celestial worth.

O, good Saint Francis, pray that we
May ride as thou, love's rose-strewn sod,
Bearing, with Christian chivalry,
The free-lance of the love of God.

Suaviter et Fortiter,
The happy motto on our shield,
Unto the wrong we'll ne'er defer,
E'er to the right we'll generous yield.

'Till each shall lay his armor down,
And death these blessed words shall speak,
Bringing the victor's fadeless crown,
Thy king unto thee cometh meek.

THE BALLAD OF BRANDYWINE.

CHADD'S FORD.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1777–1877.

I.

THE harvest-fields were all aglow,
With purple clusters hung the vine,
What day, a hundred years ago,
The foe came down on Brandywine.

And like the scarlet forest-leaves
All scattered by September's gale,
When Autumn's blood-red banner waves,
The Red-coats swarmed the lovely vale.

Forming a solid wall of hearts,
Each patriot yeoman bared his breast,
A target for the hostile darts,
The bulwark of his country's rest.

Beneath the scythe of Death that mowed
Oh, what a harvest there was spread!
Oh, what a bloody vintage flowed,
Forth from the battle's wine-press shed!

For like an overleaping flood
  The foemen broke each patriot rank,
And they who through the day withstood,
  Now with day's dying glories sank.

In vain had Cheney urged his mare,
  With flashing hoofs and reeking form,
Athwart the noontide's sultry air,—
  A boding demon of the storm.

In vain like pillar of fire flashed
  O'er that red sea the sword of Wayne ;
In vain Greene's Spartan heroes dashed,
  A hope forlorn, through iron rain.

Splintered Pulaski's knightly lance
  He in Columbia's cause had set,
Blood-stained the lillied shield of France
  Borne by chivalric Lafayette.

With clouded brow the day-god set
  That eve behind the hill-tops dun,
But darker still grief's coronet
  Upon the brow of Washington.

Yet surely as night's sable skies
  Soon reddened to the dawn of day,
So did Columbia's light arise
  Above the darkness of the fray.

II.

Again the fields are all aglow,
  Again with clusters hangs the vine,
As, mindful of the long ago,
  We meet to-day at Brandywine.

No murky storm of battle's wrath
  O'erclouds to-day the skies of peace :
We reap our trials' aftermath,
  And store the centuries' increase.

For what in tears our fathers sowed
  Upon these hills, in sheaves of joy
We bear to-day, a bounteous load,
  Nor grudge the seed-time's fierce annoy ;

But quaff of Freedom's sparkling wine
  From Victory's bruised vineyard drained ;
Her palms, that now with healing shine,
  We pluck from boughs once carnage-stained.

Unless the seed itself had died,
  No bud had sprung from 'neath the soil ;
Had patriots' blood to heaven ne'er cried,
  In vain their quest for Freedom's spoil.

Enscrolled in light those heroes' names
  Who 'mid that darkness shone as stars,
Enshrined their constellated fames
  Amid the galaxy of Mars.

Now wreathéd cannon sound the bass
  Of our exultant harvest-song,
Our banners catch the zephyr's grace,
  And dance these enfreed hills along,

Where justice, truth and charity
  Shall each a tabernacle build,
And ages yet to come shall see
  The dream of Thabor here fulfilled.

Sweet as this streamlet's silver flow
  Our placid hymn of praise shall run,
And tell the tale of long ago,
  Until the centuries are done.

And may we, when time's years shall cease
  To yield their stores of corn and wine,
'Mid shining fields of endless peace,
  Enjoy a Sabbath all divine.

THE FOUNTAIN AT FAIRMOUNT

Respectfully dedicated to the Catholic Temperance Societies of the United States, in honor of the completion of their monument and the obliteration of the debt thereon, July 4, 1878.

O FAIRER than Bandusian fount,
Whereof Horatian numbers sung,
Purer than stream on Helicon's mount,
Beneath Pegasian hoof that sprung;
For here no form of impure love
Her traits voluptuous mirrored views,
But Freedom floats thy mists above,
Encrowned by Iris' brightest hues.

Bright guardians here claim privileged place,
Prudence 'neath sainted Carroll's form;
And justice stands with equal grace,
By him of Carrollton upborne;
While Barry's lion-hearted mien
Bespeaks him Fortitude's own son;
And Temperance stands with brow serene,
Where gentle Matthew's place is won.

Pulaski, KosKiusco, Meade,
De Grasse, Orono, Lafayette,
Apostles these of Freedom's creed,
Whose sculptured forms are in the set;
Their warrior-martyr spirits dwell,
Each in its graven image bound,
And breathe their grand heroic spell
In thy Valhalla's marble round.

And over all doth Moses stand,
And strike the water-giving rock,
Grand type of this rock-breasted land
Whose bosom, 'neath the law-giving stroke
Of Freedom, bursts in founts of joy,
Like polar streams whence virtues start,
And for whose draughts without alloy
The world doth pant as pants the hart.

And more life-giving than the spring
Which Ponce de Leon vainly sought,
For here no siren voice doth sing,
Youth's mythic fountain yielding nought;
But he who hither bends his quest
Shall find life's cup no sparkling lie,
He has the pledge of Sichar's guest,—
"Who drinks of me shall never die."

Bethsaida's crowded colonnades,
The healing of Siloe's pool,
Egeria's leafy cloister shades,
Where kings sought wisdom's rustic school;
All these thy beauteous form recalls,
All fairy virtues near thee dwell,
All sweetest memories haunt thy walls,
Whence is thy power? What is thy spell?

Would we that some divining-rod—
As was to ancient wizards given—
Were ours to pierce the fragrant sod
Which holds thy secret, that upriven,
Would prove far sweeter than the spells
That charmed young lovers to their tryst
Beside enchanted wishing-wells?
The potent magic would be—List!

A serpent once, old legends tell,
By Charlemagne freed from toad-shaped dragon,
A gem enriched with love's sweet spell,
In gratitude dropped in his flagon:
And whosoever held the stone
The Emperor's love the while did win,
Till Bishop Turpin it had thrown
Old Aachen's crystal lake within.

Then long beside the healthful stream
The Emperor his sweet vigil kept,
Watching, entranced by love's sweet dream,
The gem that 'neath the waters slept,
Till, strengthened by the magic powers,
The stone was in the water brewing,
He reared there Aix La Chapelle's towers,
In memory of the wondrous doing.

Ye conquerors of sin's venomous toad,
Than Charlemagne's fame yours is far truer,
The brazen serpent hath bestowed
On you this gem, his cunning cure :
When in temptation's sparkling bowl
The amulet of grace he sank,
Changed by that antidote's control
Love's virgin-making wine you drank.

For He, when He was lifted up,
And felt the bondage of life's thirst,
Rejected sin's embittered cup,
Uplifted on the spear that burst
The opening in His sacred heart,
From whence the mystic life-stream flowed,
Sin's spear became the victor's dart,
His freedom in man's own bestowed.

Unto Him thirsting gave ye drink,
  When from drink's bondage ye had risen,
In gratitude His love did sink
  Upon your souls, for Him in prison
Ye had visited and freed,
  And now ye know the measure given
Of promised blissfulness, indeed,
  To who the captive's chains have riven.

In memory of this victory high,
  Your soul's new freedom, ye now here,
On Freedom's day, 'neath Freedom's sky,
  This beauteous shaft of triumph rear,
And, by Religion's guiding hand,
  Have in these spotless waters cast
Your pledge to self, faith, fatherland,
  Drawn from the cup of vices past.

This, then, the secret spell that guides
  Your footsteps to this hallowed ground,
That 'neath this fountain's gushing tides
  The gem that won your souls lies bound.
And ye, like Charlemagne, sit and trace
  This lesson in the water's glow,
High o'er the treasure of God's grace
  The fountains of His sweetness flow.

Like Israel's children stay not camped
  Beside this Elim's palms and waters.
March on, your souls with victory stamped,
  Unmurmuring through life's desert quarters.
Sigh not for Egypt's pots again,
  In thirst and trials hail your Moses :
His prayer brought manna and the rain
  That from the rock his rod uncloses.

HYMN

FOR THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, STAR OF THE SEA, LONG BRANCH, N. J., SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1875.

WE'VE gathered here in joy upon
Thy fair Assumption Day,
This consecrated corner-stone
In sacred sod to lay;
And pray thee that as thou hast gained
Thy home within the skies,
Our souls may, with this rising spire,
From earth to Heaven rise.

For He, creation's architect,
Ere yet the world began,
Made thee the corner-stone elect
Of His redemption's plan;
And, grace by grace, built up thy soul,
As stone on stone is piled,
Till thou a temple fit wast found
To bear thy heavenly Child.

And so, when we would seek His face,
Whose sins that face should flee,
Sweet *Domus Aurea*, we trace
Our trembling steps to thee,

Who, like Loretto's chapel, borne
  This blest day through the air,
By angel hands art set on high,
  To be our house of prayer.

We build but here upon the sand,
  And oft the storm-waves roar,
Where now with summery guiles how bland
  They kiss yon wreck-strewn shore ;
But oh, no work of mortal hands !
  Built on Faith's mighty rock,
The glorious fane Love rears to Thee
  Withstands each tempest-shock.

And I, who here in childhood's days
  In vain the temple sought,
Now manhood's lays awake to praise
  The work this day hath wrought ;
Where soon the sun-gilt cross by day
  A pillar of fire shall be,
As thou, by night, our beacon-light,
  Sweet star of life's dark sea !

THE RIDE OF THE ROYAL WRAITH.

An ode written for and delivered at the celebration by the American Catholic Historical Society of the centenary of the inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States, Philadelphia, April 30, 1889.

I.

O CROWNLESS king of the hearts of men,
Grasping the sceptre of love's sweet sway,
Purple-clad lord and citizen,
Wreathed with victory's oak and bay,
Rise on thy spirit's mighty pen,
Rise in thy power and pride to-day.

II.

Rise, for the trumpet of deathless fame
Through a century's echoing vista calls,
And with Columbia's joy-lit flame
Pierces Death's dark and gruesome walls,
And bids thee answer our loud acclaim:
Great spirit, leave Valhalla's halls.

III.

Break, break Mount Vernon's pillow of stone,
Our slumbering Barbarossa thou,
The ravens of discord the land have flown,

The century bides thy wakening vow.
Thy people of all degrees, as one,
Bear shield and sword before thee now.

IV.

Come forth as the black O'Donoghue rides
On May day of each septennial year,
From his mystic tomb 'neath Lough Earne's tides,
'Mid flowers of foam o'er the emerald mere,
And through his enchanted castle strides,
Welcomed with ancient festal cheer.

V.

Mount and ride through the golden dream
Of a century's light, as in lands afar
Charlemagne's spirit rides o'er the stream
On the moonlight bridge,—as the orthodox czar
Rides a white wraith in the misty beam,
Our Batayushka! Our Gosudar!

VI.

For thou hast heard, from among the dead,
Not the artillery's maddening roll,
Thou hast not waked 'neath an army's tread,
The whir of drums, nor the tocsin's toll,
Nor the blare of trumpets that terror spread
As they tell the story of war's dread dole.

VII.

But thou hast heard, in thy grave, the cries
  Of a Nation ransomed by thy sword,
A people whose faith has kept the prize
  Of freedom thou gavest them, and the word
Thou sworest for them 'neath the April skies,
  When thou hadst them to peace restored.

VIII.

And now they bid thee come forth again,
  At the close of a century's golden years,
And riding in spirit to Freedom's fane
  Renew at her shrine, for the listening spheres,
The oath that, like a prophet's strain,
  Weds the age that dies to the age that nears.

IX.

And though the figure that rides apace
  Not thine, that art to memory lent,
Beneath the veils of form we trace
  Thy majesty's emblazonment,
And Washington's official grace
  In each vicarious President.

X.

For our crownless king he dieth ne'er,
  Our Washington e'er lives and reigns
In the hearts of his people, his emprize fair

Their deathless heritage : whoso gains
His triumph-car or curule-chair
His honor and *his* power attains.

XI.

Behind him whispers no warning slave :
Remember thou art but a man :
Our Cincinnatus hath sheathed his glave,
He ploughs where frowned war's barbacan.
Our Cæsar no spurning hand doth wave
When duty tenders the laurel span.

XII.

And grander the vision he sees than dream
Of poet, or fabric of wizard's hand ;
Wealth's argosies bounding on every stream,
Proud cities dotting the *prairie* land,
While science, on wings of air and steam,
Wields lightning's thaumaturgic wand.

XIII.

But—who are these quaint dusky forms
That seem from ancient tombs enfreed?
Virginia's sons, in shadowy swarms,
His roadway crowd, afoot, asteed,
With mellowing tear, with smile that warms,
They speak her April-phased God-speed.

XIV.

Break, wakening land, into paths of bloom ;
  Carol, ye birds, in the Maytide bowers ;
Strike, silvery cymbals of flood and flume,
  Wave banners of blue and gold ye powers
Of air ! hail, too, with sweet perfume,
  This Cid Campeador of ours.

XV.

But, now, for a moment he seems to stay,
  Ere yet his triumph is scarce begun,
His pure glance falls, like a sun-sped ray,
  O'er graves that honor—or valor—won,
Where sleep together the Blue, the Gray,
  In yon God's Acre—Arlington.

XVI.

Lo ! dearest to him, with the pride of home,
  Potomac's city that bears his name,
Whence Freedom on her imperial dome
  Keeps watch with face to the Orient flame,
And shafts as fair as of Greece or Rome
  Mark Love's first stage on his path of fame.

XVII.

Through Baltimore "*village*" he rides along,
  And passes anon McHenry's fort,
Where a patriot-minstrel's jubilant song

Made of invasion's terrors a sport,
And 'mid red stars of the night of wrong
Told the horoscope in our banner wrought.

XVIII.

From "the head of Elk" to the fairy gorge
Where silvery songs sings Brandywine,
Of dark Paoli, and Valley Forge,
And Chadd's Ford, where our Spartan line
Of yeomen cohorts showed King George
What price men pay for rights divine.

XIX.

But see, just o'er Penn's State line, waits,
Booted and spurred, a brilliant group,
The escort to Philadelphia's gates,
—Trumpet a-lip and hand a-croup,—
Brave Markoe and his knightly mates,
The city cavalry's First Troop.

XX.

Now into the saddle with clangor and clash
Of jingling sword and glittering steel,
Then on to Gray's Ferry bridge they dash,
From its bowery float they galloping wheel
Up to the city, while pennons flash,
And howitzers welcome him, peal on peal.

XXI.

O, Schuylkill, threading thy hilly maze
To meadowy vales through sylvan clews,
Singest to him, on this day of days,
Of Barren Hills and the fight at Chew's?
The true keynote of thy rippling lays
Breathes from thy Laurels, not thy Yews.

XXII.

And now down ancient Market Street,
He rides, of hearts and eyes the star,
Chapeau and kerchief the blue air beat,
Like birds from the fowler freed, hurrah
And chiming bells the hero greet,
Our peerless Bayard! our plumed Navarre!

XXIII.

The Delaware's crossed to Trenton's shore,—
Not as he crossed that Christmas night,
'Mid isles of ice, with each muffled oar,
And his phantom host in the weird moonlight,
And knocked at the startled foeman's door
With the mail-clad hand of a victor's might.

XXIV.

But as he came that morn of yore,
When Spring's sweet bloom blest fields and bowers,
And "Welcome, Mighty Chief, once more,"

Sang white-robed maids in sunny hours,
"Welcome to this grateful shore,"
And "Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers."

XXV.

Bright arch of flowers! fair Iris-bow,
Spanning old Trenton's storm-swept sky,
Her mothers by thee long ago
Spoke their bloom-blazoned prophecy,
The daughters now its promise show
Fulfilled, and hail their champion nigh.

XXVI.

By Bifrost bridge,—the seven-hued bow,
From Niffleheim,—dark land of ice,
Alone could Norsemen warriors go
To Asgard, Odin's paradise,
So from war's brume to glory's glow
Pass, Chieftain, by this arched device.

XXVII.

At Princeton, Learning doth bestow
Her sons where once thy squadrons wheeled,
And see, with harvest-blooms aglow
Erst Monmouth's battle-fevered field,
And Morristown's bleak hills of snow
In festal verdure stand revealed.

XXVIII.

Ye gallant tars of Elizabethport,
  Sweep his gay barge o'er the water-porch
Of the Nation's gate ; flotilla and fort,
  Flame tongues of welcome ; light up your torch
Proud Liberty, vestal of Freedom's court,
  Scroll Doubt's foul mists with its healing scorch.

XXIX.

Lo ! Freedom waits, and Justice' scales
  High-poised, with her unanswered prayer
In trembling balance, while all the gales
  Of heaven waft even to the lair
Where crouched Oppression hears—and pales—
  Hope's invocation : *Swear, oh, swear !*

XXX.

He comes, he comes, his journey done,
  The conqueror enters the temple-gates,
Columbia's love anoints her son,
  His oath doth weld the unwedded States,
And Freedom's cyles now begun
  Her broad-sealed charter consecrates.

XXXI.

Ne'er shall that oath return a void,
  But like the smallest wingéd seed
On ether's azure pinions buoyed,

Its pregnant germ of love shall speed,
'Till grown, by discord unalloyed,
The world's AMEN to Freedom's creed.

XXXII.

Within its beak her eagle grasps
Columbia's flag of stripes and stars,
The while with either talon clasps
The olive-branch and thunder-bars,
And soars o'er him, with fervid gasps,
In peace our Jove, in war our Mars.

XXXIII.

'Mid noble forms see him, once more,
On daissed seat of honor set;
Bepowdered gallants, on the floor,
High-heeled brocaded dames have met,—
Their fans afloat *a la Pompadour*,—
In the stately maze of the minuet.

XXXIV.

And theme of every song and toast
From countless banquet-boards upsoars
His name,—whom e'en Te Deums boast
In grateful music's solemn scores,—
And the lamps out-twinkle the starry host,
From gem-lit ships and radiant shores.

XXXV.

While 'mid her joy's high carnival,
As if to vouch her glory's dreams,
Columbia on her storied wall
Traces in script of living beams
Her hero's motto, over all
EXITUS ACTA PROBAT gleams.

XXXVI.

Surely on such a scene as this
The sons of God themselves look down,
While, from their battlements of bliss,
The heroes old of high renown
Waft benediction's holy kiss
To him whose honor is his crown.

XXXVII.

Not as King Pedro laid his bride,
Again amid the grave's dank must,
When he, upon his throne of pride
In Lisbon's fane, had madly thrust,
And with love's homage glorified,
And crowned in pomp, her crumbling dust,

XXXVIII.

Do we consign back to the tomb
Thy manes, for though love than death
Be stronger, yet from earth's dark womb

Thy dust we called not, but thy breath,
Thou aureoled spirit, free from doom
Of time or blight that cankereth.

XXXIX.

O crownless king of the hearts of men,
Wielding the sceptre of Freedom's sway,
Live on, beyond the farthest ken
Of vision that pierces the shadows gray
Which wrap the future ; o'er hill and glen
Ride, Jove of Freedom, and reign for aye.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Here is store and overplus,
More had not Alcinous.

Austin Dobson.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

Many are converted to God by adversity, but St. Charles, in the softest gale of prosperity, by taking a near view of the emptiness, and arming himself against the snares of the world, became every day more and more disentangled from it, and more an inhabitant of Heaven.—Life of St. Charles Borromeo.

A GOLDEN shallop, with silken sails
Of royal purple, was thy barque,
Fanned by fortune's softest gales,
Borromeo, o'er life's waters dark.

To most of men, dear saint, 'tis given
To try life's seas in stormy qualms,
But thou didst reach the port of Heaven
O'er waters bright with Summer calms.

The treacherous calms of sleeping guiles,
That could in fiercest billows seethe,
Hiding, for thee, in sunlit smiles,
The rocks, the sands, the storms beneath.

And if anon some storm-fraught cloud
Had made its distant thunders heard,
It off the blue horizon flowed,
Like raven wing of shadowing bird.

Fell on thine ear the storm-bird's screech,
  Harbinger of unheeded woes,
Thou knew'st His providence could reach,
  Who rules the waves, the tempest's throes.

And when night settled, no false light,
  Shining from wreck-strewn shore afar,
Could lure thee from the pathway right;
  Doubt waited for the morning star.

With Faith's bright beacon at the bow,
  With Truth's sure guidance at the helm,
The Cross thy mast, Love at the prow,
  Thou fearless rod'st the billowy realm.

Honors and wealth, applause and fame,
  O! dearest Patron, what are these?
But tempters 'neath disguised name,
  Minions of hell's dark treacheries.

What are our griefs but angels blest?
  Proving how vain are earthly toys,
Our strength of love and trust to test,
  Winning for us celestial joys.

Though joys or sorrows sit beside
  Us, as we ride life's ocean o'er,
With thou, St. Charles, for friend and guide,
  We'll surely reach the heavenly shore.

ST. HENRY AT VERDUN.

ST. Henry, Emperor of Allemaigne,
Wearied of worldly cares and honors vain,

Had come with regal pomp and lordly state,
Both to depose at Verdun's abbey-gate.

Then forth came Richard, Abbot of Saint Vanne,
Well-skilled in saintly lore—a most God-fearing man.

"My son, my liege," he cries, "what is't I see?
Allemaigne's proud Emperor here on bended knee,

A suppliant at our portals, when with joy, with pride,
Our abbey's honored gates should be for him flung wide!"

"Nay, father," interposed the humble monarch; "nay,
Thy gracious speech, and loyal, prithee, stay;

I come not now an honor-seeking guest,
But rather, a poor pilgrim, claiming longed-for rest.

My soul is sick of treacheries and strife,
The cares, the emptiness, the countless woes of life,

Alone amid the tumult is my mind distraught
By memories of sweet peace wherewith this place is fraught.

This sacred refuge, oft in whose cloisters dim
The sound of psalter-chant and monk's sweet hymn

Hath born my spirit up on wings of love,
Unto the realms of endless peace above :

Singing in unison with the psalmist's spell
'*Haec est requies mea*,' here will I dwell :

Bartering for monk's tonsure, monarch's weighty crown ;
Sceptre and royal robes, for pilgrim's staff and gown ;

Counting as cheaply bought, with earthly dross,
The never-failing gain, the which the world deems loss ;

Privileged to spend, love's altar-throne before,
My life, where angel-hosts unceasingly adore."

Quickly the Abbot read the monarch's soul,
Opened before him, a beauty-blazoned scroll ;

Then said : "Hast pondered, son, with duteous heed,
The manifold fruition of this virtuous deed?

Lest thy pure heart, moved by too generous zeal,
Hath made thee selfishly forget thy people's weal."

"The King of kings, whose promptings I obey,"
Replied the monarch : "keep them 'neath His all-reaching sway.

Most merciful of Lords, whate'er may them betide,
I unto Him commit. His justice will provide."

Rejoined the Abbot: "Son, canst keep the counsels three,
Obedience, Abnegation, Chastity?"

"Yea, father," whispered Henry; "in confidence, forsooth,
All these I secretly have kept from tender youth."

"So be it, then," cried Richard, "as thou dost desire;
Saint Vanne claims thee henceforth its humblest friar.

By one test only be thy virtue schooled,
As thou hast ruled so well, so be thou ruled:

The noblest grace proud monarch can attain,
Obedience, I command; *go get thee back and reign.*"

Promptly the Emperor rose, and oh! how well
His cloister-rule he kept, let history's pages tell.

While to this day, on Verdun's abbey-walls,
The painter's art this wondrous scene recalls.

Picture and page within for all this lesson lies:
Obedience better far than sacrifice.

July 15, 1872.

ST. AGNES.

O FAIREST daughter of imperial Rome,
How oft in many a storied page I've read
Of maids and matrons, that each classic tome
Records as gracing her proud ages fled ;
Yet ne'er did history's grandest annals shine
With lustre of a life more beautiful than thine.

The Mother of the Gracchi could her jewels show
In two fair sons, their country's trust and pride,
Lucretia's virtue shines with lustrous glow,
Metella's monument marks the Appian ride,
A father, nourished by his daughter's breast,
Has made her name in filial reverence blest.

The Christian age boasts, 'mid a nobler throng,
Cecilia angel-guarded, on her harpsichord,
With heart and voice, God praising in sweet song,
Perpetua, Felicitas, each with her blood-stained sword,
Meriting a place amid the gleaming line
Of valiant women, none whose fame doth shadow thine.

Fabius' fair daughter, from thy father's halls
I see thee glide, with sweet patrician face,
A white-robed vestal, answering mercy's calls,
No gems of earth decking thy child-like grace,

Scorning with meekness all the world hath priced
In highest worth, to be the Spouse of Christ.

His spouse must share his cross, a test of love,
Thou standest a victim at the prætor's chair.
Rack, manacles, and flame alike thy trial prove,
Thy shame veiled wondrously by thy golden hair.
A sword with thy blood tinted gleams on high,
Veni Coronaberis peals along the sky.

Veni Sponsa Christi,
Come to bridegroom's home,
Up through the shadows misty,
In unstained beauty come.

Down to his lily-garden
The spouse to feed hath gone,
Plucking, its virgin sward in,
This floweret free from thorn.

The merchant seeking treasure,
This pearl of matchless price
Hath bought, with costly measure,
To shine in Paradise.

Audi Filia! daughter, hearken!
A gracious ear incline,
The king is greatly taken
With that beauty rare of thine.

Clad with Heaven's own splendor,
  Thou, at the queen's right hand,
'Mid rose-crowned virgins tender,
  Gracing her train shalt stand.

Veni Sponsa Christi!
  Up from the desert come.
Prospere procedisti,
  Unto the bridegroom's home.

Virgin and martyr, rose and lily wreathed
  On thy fair brow, I see thee bear thy palm,
From the o'erbrooding Dove divine effulgence breathed
  Around thee, and chanting their e'er privileged psalm,
Accompanying virgins with celestial charms,
Thy emblem lamb soft nestling in thine arms.

How keeps old Rome thy natal holiday,
  Whom every land and age to honor doth outvie?
A flower-decked lamb she on thy shrine doth lay,
  A victim typical in sacrifice to die,
And from its fleece, blessed by the Church's rule,
The pious nuns soon weave "Saint Agnes' wool."

Palliums for her Pontiffs makes she of that fleece,
  Emblem by warmth of charity's zeal-girt cloak,
Borne on their necks, its softness tells that peace
  And mildness mark them bearing Christ's sweet yoke.
Its cross-decked whiteness, that heavenly purity
Must rule their lives with firm simplicity.

Since 'neath thy invocation Mother Church doth bless
  Robes for the Shepherds feeding Christ's blest sheep,
Spouse of the Lamb! be thou our Shepherdess,
  The Christian sheep-fold 'neath thy vigil keep.
Bring back the erring to the Good Shepherd's home,
Pray for the Supreme Pastor, pray for thy native Rome.

Pray, too, for me, who on thy festal day
  First saw the dawn of earth's e'er-changing light,
Guide me, dear patroness, in the saints' chosen way.
  Bear me, as bearest thy lamb, safe from the tempter's might.
Keeping my soul, as thine, from blight e'er free,
The mantle of thy virtues richly covering me.

JANUARY 21, 1873.

THE LEGEND OF SANTA FRANCESCA.

SANTA FRANCESCA, prest by many a care,
Her refuge sought in solitude and prayer;

In which blest state, old legends say that she
Enjoyed the presence of the angels' company.

Howe'er it be, certes, as she one day
Unto her oratory had retired to pray,

And soothe her soul with meditation's balms,
Drawn from prayer's purest founts, the holy psalms,

Three several times by duty's summons prest,
Cheerfully she rose and answered its behest,

And thrice returning at the self-same verse,
Essayed, in vain, its sweet words to rehearse.

The last time searching down the page, behold!
The oft-neglected verse rewrit in text of gold

By angel-hands, this lesson teaching all:
He serves God best who answers duty's call,

And sweetly making work a prayer untold,
Gilds labor's dross with merit's purest gold.

THE NIGHTINGALES OF WALTHAM.*

A LEGEND OF SAINT EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

I WOT ye'll pore
Scrolled legends o'er
In vain, to find in Saxon lore
A sweeter thing
Of marvelling
Than this of England's saintly King.

The nightingales
Through Waltham's vales
At midnight tell their amorous tales,
And all the shades
Of Waltham's glades
Are vocal with their serenades.

The while they croon
Their love-sick tune
In rapture to the Lady-moon,
Sweet Dian gloats
To hear their notes,
The song that round her cloud-couch floats.

* This poem, together with "The Sacring of Old Westminster," page 230, and the "Saxon Chorus," page 29, ante, are each taken from "The King's Ring," a long historical poem by Mr. Esling as yet uncompleted, and which combines many of the legends of Westminster Abbey.

Then creeps and peeps
From sweet'st of sleeps,
And dewy tears from glad eyes weeps,
Whose brilliances,
Like topazes,
Pierce Waltham's leafy lattices.

But on the air
A voice of prayer
Breaks suddenly—from whom? from where?
Knows priest nor page,
Nor woodman sage,
Yon secret forest hermitage.

Edward alone
Hath made his own
This sweet retreat from court and throne,
And night by night
His secret flight
To hither take is his delight.

That nature's calm
Add midnight's balm
To solace of each matin-psalm,
And subtle chords
That peace affords
Lend music to the day-star's lauds.

But from the dark
Enlivened, hark!
The King Confessor fain must mark
The plaintive notes,
The chant that floats
From myriad sylvan minstrel-throats.

Such love-sick plaints
Are discord's taints,
Commingling with pure hymns of saints;
The Kingly hand,
In grave command,
Is raised towards the feathery band.

"Be silent all,
Your ill-timed call
Doth my devotion's spirit thrall,
For birdlings' lays,
In woodland ways,
Must ne'er forestall man's nobler praise."

The cross's sign,
With wave benign,
The King exerts in power divine;
And at his word
No more is heard
The music of each minstrel-bird.

But silence reigns,
Save psalter strains,
Where unperturbed the King remains,
The grave birds all,
Like monks in stall,
Noting each nocturn's rise and fall.

And nevermore
Shall night-bird pour
A song the vales of Waltham o'er,
Since those blest days
Its woodland ways
Were vocal with a saint's sweet praise.

THE SACRING OF OLD WESTMINSTER.

A LEGEND. A.D. 612.

I.

"HO! good wife, fetch my oars and nets,"
The fisher Seward called;
The tide ran fast, chill blew the blast,
His helpmate heard appalled.

With cloudy frown the sun went down,
Dead was the Summer's mirth,
With naught to cheer on wold or mere,
Save Seward's brand-lit hearth.

"Who ever yet such folly heard?"
Dame Ebba sharply cried:
"To start at such an hour as this
Against both wind and tide."

"No fish along the channel moves,
As thou thyself dost know,
The whole day's gains, for all thy pains,
Two starving eels but show."

"We dames are stubborn, dost thou say?
We learn it then, I trow,
Best from our lords, who 'gainst the tide
Of common sense e'er row."

But all her words and all her arts
Against her lord were vain,
He'd scorn to let a scolding tongue
His Saxon freedom chain.

And so he cried, "Good night, good dame,"
And ope'd the cottage-door,
"Let Eadbald show three hours hence
A light upon the shore.

For thicker grows, forsooth, the gloom,
And little light I wot
The sickly moon will give to guide
My homeward-coming boat.

But if eftsoons no fish shall rise
  Within the Thorney Creek,
No higher up the Thames will I
  The finny prizes seek."

"The Thorney Creek?" Dame Ebba screamed,
  "Thou surely would'st not stray
With boat by night, where ne'er a fool
  Would set a foot by day.

Is't not enough the winds and waves
  And darkness to defy,
That thou thy fate with fiends and ghouls
  On their own ground should'st try?"

"Wife," answered Seward, solemnly,
  "Thou speakest without thought,
The demons longer have no power
  On that redeeméd spot.

For where Apollo's curséd shrine
  Long ruled o'er Thorney Isle,
Stands now in blesséd Peter's name,
  Faith's nobler Christian pile.

Spirits of darkness that did long
  Those Pagan ruins haunt,
'Neath the new minster's upreared cross,
  Are all for aye—avaunt!

And now against to-morrow's dawn ;
  The Bishop and the King
Bring hither pomp of church and court,
  To make the hallowing.

Then hell's dark fiends or heathen gods,
  Good wife, why should I dread?
To-morrow in the abbey's walls
  Will be the banquet spread.

And this night's fishing yet must prove
  To every honored guest,
That for Saint Peter's festal board
  The Thames doth yield its best."

"Then go thy ways," the good wife cried,
  But crossed herself the while,
"Beshrew me if thou comest back
  Safe from the demon's guile."

He went his way, as men will go,
  But going, truth to tell,
His faith's brave words could hardly cheer
  His fear of evil spell.

For hours he lay in weary stay
  Along the river's edge,
The wind moaned, like a soul in pain,
  'Mid Thorney's reed and sedge.

The moon scarce pierced with white wan gleam
The spectre-peopled haze,
Yet served to sketch fantastic sights
To Seward's timorous gaze.

Still through the dim uncertain light
He always saw defined
Ruin and minster on the isle,
Against the sky outlined.

Like Zebedee's good sons of yore,
He cast his nets in vain,
As hour by hour the night-watch told,
No prizes held his seine.

And seeing that his patient toil
Had wrought him no avail,
As turned his thoughts towards Thorney Creek
His heart began to fail.

But pride and fear within his soul
So strongly did contest,
His boat towards the haunted stream
Quick turned he with fierce zest.

When suddenly on the southern bank
A stately figure stood,
And hailed the fisher through the dark,
In no ungentle mood.

"Who calls there?" Seward cried, aghast.
"Fear nothing, woe nor wile,"
The voice came back, "but row me quick
Across to Thorney Isle."

"That will I do right willingly,"
Said Seward, "for there's charm
In company to shield us both
'Gainst Thorney's mystic harm.

No doubt, good friend, you in the dark
Have missed the London Ferry;
Slip not upon the marshy reeds,
But leap into the wherry."

"No ferry, good man, have I missed,
Not London town, but Thorney
I seek in haste at this weird hour;
Thy stroke be quick and brawny.

For I have business there to-night
That laughs vain fears to scorn,
An era new for Thorney Isle
Dawns with the morrow's morn.

There straightway set me on the isle,
And wait for my returning;
Beside the shore, and thy reward
Shall be well worth the earning."

"Methinks," thought Seward, "silver coin
Are good as river-sturgeon,
For want of other game to take
Dame Ebba's tongue as guerdon.

But who can this grand stranger be?
So venerable a mien,
So bright an eye, so lustrous beard,
I never yet have seen.

Perchance some lordling for the feast,
To give commands sent down:
Yet why came he from Surrey bank,
And not from London town?"

But Seward durst not, for respect,
These thoughts to question press;
A hooded mantle wrapped around;
Quite hid the stranger's dress.

Meanwhile the boat, with mystic speed,
The tide-turned stream had crossed,
And soon amid the island's shades
The stranger's form was lost.

To cheer the wait no tempting bait
The stubborn fishes took,
And Seward, wearied with bad luck,
No more delay could brook.

When suddenly, upon the air,
  Arose such witching strains
As never ravished mortal ears,
  Save those of Bethlehem's swains.

And from the minster's cold, dark pile
  Flashed through the illumined mist
All varied hues, green, purple, gold,
  Crimson and amethyst.

Mullion and buttress, arch and tower,
  In flaming lines construed,
While island, marsh, and river lay
  In rainbow-splendor dewed.

And high aloft the shining cross
  A fiery pillar shone,
Its lustre like a meteor's fall
  On heathen ruin thrown.

"Holy Saint Peter," Seward cried,
  Conning his wife's words o'er,
"The fays have me to Friesland borne,
  As they Sweyn the fowler bore.

A terrible and woeful place
  Has Thorney been I wot,
Its baneful stillness only stirred
  By winds and screech-owl's note.

Yet what is this I hear but now?
Methinks that stranger's voice
Leading the tones wherewith the monks
Made Ethelbert rejoice,

When hither first from Rome they came,
Oft has Mellitus sung
Their sweet notes, and the story too
I've heard from his own tongue.

'*In Nomine Patris et Filii*
Et Spiritus Sancti,' then
The very words of Holy Church,
The chorus now, '*Amen.*'

Now sure as these are Christian sounds,
And I a Christian being,"
Thought Seward, "I shall see what here
May be well worth the seeing.

My passenger no doubt has part
In all this mystery yonder,
And safely will my boat stay fast
While I shall thither wander."

So saying, quickly jumped ashore,
And to the minster hurried,
And climbing to the window's edge,
Gazed in with wonder flurried.

II.

Oh, night of nights! Oh, sight of sights!
  Past all his poor life's dreaming,
And all his hopes of Heaven's bliss,
  The vision on him beaming.

A mighty host of stately men
  In copes of dazzling glory,
And mitred aureoles of light
  Above their temples hoary.

Around the minster's nave and aisles
  In slow procession spreading,
'Mid perfumed waves of incense, as
  On roseate cloudlets treading.

And e'er the censers' rise and fall,
  In silvery cadence tingling,
Kept timely measure with the notes
  Of heavenly music mingling.

No urchins rude from Sebert's Church
  Were they the censers swinging,
But wingéd cherubs clothed with light,
  The dulcet chorus singing.

As 'mid the minster's farther shades
  All moved, the torches twinkling,
With flowers of fresh auroral bloom,
  Star sister star seemed sprinkling.

And last of all the glorious throng,
The primate of the function,
Came Seward's mystic passenger,
Distributing the unction.

Upon the doors in living light,
On all the walls and pavement,
The symbol of salvation gleamed,
Beneath the Chrism's lavement.

The long rite showed through frequent change,
Rising and genuflection,
Blessings and bowing of the head,
Unwearying dilection

In all that grave pontific group,
Whose joyful souls' outpourings ;
A bass formed to the cherub choir,
In rich psalmodic soarings.

And Seward listened on and gazed,
Like Peter on Mount Tabor,
Heaven for him had come to earth,
Forgot life's cares and labor.

Alack, poor Seward, no not yet !
Beneath his foot there crumbled
A stone, and from his aërial stage
The fisher promptly tumbled,

And falling down he struck his crown,
His senses all were scattered,
Though, glory to his angel guard,
His brains were not quite shattered.

Nor yet for his bewildered gaze
Were that night's wonders ended,
For very soon from out his swoon
His senses were reblended.

And rising up he forthwith from
The darkened minster hastened,
And found beside the river-bank
His boat still safely fastened.

And by the now full brightened moon,
He saw beside it standing
The self-same mystic passenger
Who left him at the landing.

Yet not upon the earth he stood,
But in a cloud of splendor,
And from its folds peered myriads
Of cherub-faces tender.

Down on his knees the fisher fell,
And cried, "O, blesséd Peter!"
"E'en so, good Seward," said the Saint,
In tones than harp-notes sweeter.

"Thou nam'st me right; alone thy sight
Has seen with wonder riven,
The hallowing of the earliest shrine
England to me hath given.

And in my name I bid thee give
Mellitus this my greeting,
And tell him other hallowing
These walls is unbefitting.

For Heaven hath here its own work done,
And come to earth to do it:
Who needless gives the church's rites—
A sacrilege—shall rue it."

"Alas!" rejoined the fisherman,
"I to my lords repairing,
With such a tale on my own word
Ill, sooth, would be my faring.

I prithee, therefore, to the King
And Bishop send some token,
That they may believe, and believing heed,
When I thy words have spoken."

"O, man of little faith, the cry
Is still for sign and wonder;
Bid Sebert and Mellitus view
The minster-walls and ponder.

And thou thyself, if still dost doubt,
  Thy nets with boldness casting
On thy right hand, shalt find a proof,
  And cure their night's sore fasting.

And know that neither thou nor thine,
  The Sabbath day observing,
Shall ever want, unto yon shrine
  Thy nets' tithes while reserving."

And speaking thus the Apostle-prince
  To Heaven was slowly lifted,
While from the cloud-borne cherub hosts
  This hymn was earthward drifted:

"*Let God arise, and let His foes*
  Disperse before His face,
And let the splendors of His power
  His fleeing haters chase.

Glorious things are said of thee,
  O City of our God!
Within thy walls with songs of joy
  Shall be His name adored.

Alleluia! Sound His praise
  Unto the highest heaven.
Alleluia! Through the earth
  Be glory to Him given."

III.

Now Eadbald's brand upon the shore
  Had long to ashes gone,
And in the brightening east appeared
  The red streaks of the dawn.

When Seward's boat at length was beached
  Hard by his cottage-door,
And entering in, his nets' rich gain
  He poured upon the floor.

At once Dame Ebba's scolding tongue
  Mastered her loving heart,
Her long night's silent vigil lent
  New vigor to its smart.

"Fine fishing, truly, this I ween,
  To make folks watch and fret
And burn lights all night on the shore—
  Thy catch—a broken net?"

"A broken net well nigh, indeed,
  Good wife, it proved to be,
For ne'er, sure, was such marvellous haul,
  Since the draught of Galilee."

Sturgeons and eels and flounders out
  Upon the floor he shook,
'Till one strange fish of wondrous size
  Forth from the heap he took.

Quoth he : "For forty years have I
The Thames been fishing in,
Yet I, nor e'en my father ne'er
Saw therein such a fin."

"An it from Thorney waters come,"
Quoth Ebba, "Then I trow,
Sure as it be a goblin-fish,
To Thorney back 'twill go.

For when 'tis to the Bishop served,
He'll make the cross's sign
Upon it, and there'll be no fish
Whereon he then may dine."

"Oh, wife," said Seward, "will ye ne'er
Have done with Satan's spell?
Look at the fish, and list while I
This night's great story tell."

The beauty of the wondrous fish,
But more the wondrous tale,
Kept Ebba's tongue in mute suspense
Till that night's stars grew pale.

IV.

At dawn of day King Sebert came
With all his royal train,
Mellitus too brought churchly pomp
To bless the new-built fane.

Right bravely in the morning sun,
They make a moment's pause,
Ere yet the hallowing be begun,
Before the minster-doors.

When suddenly through the solemn throng
A man is seen to break,
And straightway to the Bishop's feet
His eager course doth take.

In spite of jeer and thrust and cuff,
From soldier, priest, and page,
He pushes on until he doth
The Bishop's aid engage.

"Ho! Seward 'tis—the fisherman.
My son, art over-bold,
Methinks that thus the hallowing
Thou seekest to withhold."

"E'en for that, Father, have I come,
Take not my words amiss,
The minster by Saint Peter's self
Already hallowed is.

And furthermore he bids me say
Nor prayer nor rite of thine
It needs, for mortal hallowing
Would desecrate his shrine."

Up spoke Mellitus angrily :
"What means this ill-timed jest?"
"Nay," broke in Seward, "of my words
Behold the mystic test."

And forthwith at the Bishop's feet
The wondrous fish he lay,
And that night's wondrous story told
To all the proud array.

Up spoke King Sebert : "Brothers, mine,
This fish our doubting shames,
For ne'er before hath seiner ta'en
A *salmon* in the Thames."

"Salmon !" Mellitus cried, cried all,
"'Tis Peter's chosen fish."
"Sooth," said the King, "it never yet
Hath graced my royal dish."

Continued Seward : "Furthermore,
Saint Peter sends this token,
He bids you look upon yon walls
For truth of what I've spoken."

He ceased ; they ope'd the minster-doors,
The incense-clouds yet filled
The church, and through the naves and aisles
Celestial balms distilled.

And on the walls the crosses shone,
  And in the pavement set
In Greek and Latin text they saw
  The Ashen alphabet.

Then with this glad and reverent song,
  With psalmody and psalter,
Mellitus and his priestly train
  Swept on up to the altar.

"*Confirm, O God, what Thou hast wrought*
  Within these walls to-day,
Nor let Thy Holy Name depart
  From out Thy house for aye."

With *Gloria* and *Credo* chant
  The Holy Mass they sing,
And save that rite the minster knew
  No human hallowing.

But from that happy day henceforth,
  For so the legend claims,
In memory of the glad event,
  Was salmon in the Thames.

And Sebert by his royal grant
  Gave to the Church forever,
The tenth of all the fishing caught
  Round Thorney, in the river.

MAY 3, 1883.

AN INCIDENT IN FAIRMOUNT PARK

I.

UPON the drive in Fairmount Park,
Uplooming, an artistic mark,
A statue of Silenus stands,
The infant Bacchus in his hands,
The satyr gloating o'er the charms
Encradled in his rugged arms.
The bronze-wrought form in naked grace
Leans on a tree-stump ; in his face,
So full of dubious wisdom's wiles,
The playful infant looks and smiles,
As though imbibing the first sips
Of nectared guile from tutoring lips.

II.

Now thus it chanced, one Summer day,
As on that path I took my way,
Where gorgeous equipages rolled
By Schuylkill's waves sun-tinged with gold,
Before me, as I listless strolled,
There suddenly romped in their glee
A gold-haired, bright-faced company
Of children, from the lower ranks
Of life, who in their happy pranks

Cared naught for equipage or steed,—
Summer and youth filled all their need.

III.

But suddenly, amid their sport,
One little urchin's bright eye caught
Upon its mound the classic figure.
His gambols quickly cutting short,
All heedless of the guard's stern rigor,
That shields the virgin sward with vigor,
Swift leaped he o'er the circling rail
That serves the statue to empale ;
Of worldling's smile or cynic's frown
Unconscious, on the grass knelt down
Before this pagan sylvan shrine,
And reverent made the cross's sign :
Then up and off again to play—
A butterfly on Flora's way.

IV.

Then heartily outright I laughed,
This heathen god of worldly craft
And sensual aims, as t'were, to see
Worshiped by man from infancy,
'Neath form of Christianity.
"Ah, well," I said to self ; "but then
Such is the way with most of men."

V.

But lo! a higher lesson meant
For me from this bright incident,
For calling to the romping child,
I asked of him in quizzing mild:
"My boy, what is that over there
To which but now you made a prayer?"
"A statue, sir," he answer made.
"Of whom, and why to it have prayed?"
"Why, that's St. Joseph, sir," he said.
"Oh, come on, Jim," his fellows called,
And play all argument forestalled.

VI.

No need of argument for me,
This lesson of simplicity
Was preached just then in louder tones
Than sacred orators in prones
Or homilies could the text expound.
Weak things of earth the strong confound.
A sermon of rare wisdom slips
Forth from a child's faith-tutored lips,
For whom a wide similitude
Availed not childish reasonings crude
To show—whom he but understood—
The guardian of Christ's babyhood,

Ungraven in heathen imagery,
Of Bacchus' foster-father free :
Or prove the simple-hearted saint
Whom Christian writers love to paint
In words that glow with beauty rife,
As patron of the hidden life,
The spouse of chastity,—the shade
Of the Eternal Father laid
Upon his human Son, portrayed
But illy by a graven sign
Of god of revels, craft, and wine :
For happily of life's bacchanal crew
As yet this fresh soul nothing knew.
He only saw the counterpart
Of Nazareth's Saint in Christian art.

VII.

Then turning to myself again,
My thoughts took up another train :
It is the faith and not the form
That keeps the soul with fervor warm,
While to the chaste and single-hearted
A clearer vision is imparted,
From all earth's grossness rendered free
By purity's bright alchemy.

Such, thou sweet child and angel teacher,
  Perchance a mother's fond devotions
Have made thee in thy sphere a preacher
  Thus of God's word. Thy guileless notions
Thy manhood keep, its brightest feature.

VIII.

Then as on homeward way I strolled
Came back to me the story old
Of how, dear Lord, one time thou chid'st
The striving throng, when in its midst
A little child didst set. The crowd
Swept by me with its clangor loud,
But still could I in spirit hear
Thy words of yore, with meaning clear,
Borne through the sunset's radiance misty :
"*Nisi . . sicut parvulus iste.*"

NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THROUGH the dark casement
Moonbeams are peeping,
Veiling with lustre
The Babe sweetly sleeping.

Every chaste movement
Her mother tending,
Over her cradle
The patriarch bending.

Round the dear cottage
Angels are winging,
Heavenly music
Softly they're singing.

Flowerets, dew-crowned,
Petals ere closing
Offer their sweets to
Mary reposing.

Heaven by her Eve's
Fall is repairing,
Earth is exulting,
Hell is despairing.

Approach then her cradle,
Do not be chary,
But lisp a prayer to
The dear little Mary.

JANUARY, 1863.

IN EXITU ISRAEL.

OUT of the land of Egypt
God's children rejoicing went,
From the house of alien bondage,
The land of their banishment.

Out of the land of Egypt,
The ancient prophecies run,
The words of God the Father,
"I have called my only Son."

Out of the land of Egypt
We too have rejoicing come,
Led by our infant captain
Back to our native home.

Out of the land of Egypt,
Oh! let us never return
Unto the courts of Herod,
Nor for the flesh-pots yearn.

Out of the land of Egypt,
Led by Faith's guiding ray,
We, as the eastern sages,
Go home another way.

Out of the land of Egypt,
Safe from the tyrant Death,
May we find a peace ne'er ending,
In our Heavenly Nazareth.

VIGIL OF THE EPIPHANY, 1874.

HAYDN.

I.

JOVE of music art thou, Haydn,
And my soul with wonder laden
Feels thy rapture's charm on me,
As my sense to fancy yielding,
I behold thee god-like wielding
Thunderbolts of harmony.

II.

Like an eagle's flight the soaring
Of thy minstrelsy's rich scoring,
Tuned to key-notes of the sky,
Like a lark's song is its blitheness;
When his dew-wet pinion's litheness
With the eagle's wing doth vie.

III.

Round thy musical Olympus,
Placing on thy brows their nimbus,
  Muses float of classic song ;
Loftier inspirations bringing,
Christian art thy genius winging,
  Soars Cecilia's sacred throng.

IV.

Art, like some fond filial maiden,
Loves to call thee "Papa Haydn,"
  For paternal tenderness
Sparkles through the subtle breathings,
Mingling with the mighty seethings
  Of thy music's joyousness.

V.

Faith's exuberant gladness telling,
Through thy love-toned chords of swelling
  Mass and oratorio ;
Saintly aspirations rise on
Some sweet hopeful *Kyrie Eleison*,
  Or exultant *Gloria*.

VI.

Would we, master, song-exalted,
Guess how, through the starry-vaulted
  Mansions of the choirs divine,
Rings the blissful consummation
Of all worship's jubilation?
  List we an *Amen* of thine.

VII.

Christian warrior's dream of glory,
Thy War Mass's martial story,
  Musically conflictory;
Triumph-march, crash, roar of battle,
Prayer for peace 'mid cannons' rattle,
  Dirge and pæan of victory.

VIII.

Not alone a triumph ferial
Sounds thy well-named Mass Imperial
  Through an earthly temple's round;
Not alone the coronation
Of an empress to her station,
  But of souls with glory crowned.

IX.

Primal freshness of creation,
With redemption's delectation,
  Breathe thy balmy pastoral strains ;
Flute of Pan and Orpheus' viol
Mingle here in lyric trial,
  With the pipes of Bethlehem's swains.

X.

Fickle Nature's sylvan treasons
Music-painted in thy Seasons,
  Spring her slender reeds doth press,
Summer's lute the roses waking,
Autumn's horn the welkin shaking,
  Prelude Winter's storm and stress.

XI.

Surely God's strong rushing spirit
O'er thy soul-chords breathed the merit
  Of a minstrelsy divine,
Since His joy, and strength, and sweetness,
With majestic tone-completeness,
  In a child-like heart are thine.

XII.

King of music art thou, Haydn,
And my spirit grandeur-laden
  Owns thy magic spell o'er me,
As through realms elysian drifting
Thou exult'st, thy sceptre lifting
  O'er the world of melody.

HAYDN'S BIRTHDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, April 1, 1888.

"ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC."

A STUDY OF THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE WITH THE SAME TITLE.

ALL quiet along the Potomac to-night,
  Save the sentinel tramp of the picket,
As his vigil he keeps o'er his comrades' lone graves,
  To the monotone notes of the cricket.

Benumbed into silence, the shrill winter winds
  Breathe a murmuring undertone,
Then plaintively over the death-mounds glide
  As they ghostly requiems moan.

The pale winter moon in the dark winter sky,
  With her wan beams lighteth the ripples,
And Potomac's iced waves are all dancing to-night,
  Like the flash of an army of rifles.

Into phantom battalions the moonshine converts
  Virginia's gaunt forests and hills,
Like a rifleman foe in the thicket it steals
  'Mid the ruins of Arlington mills.

A few pallid stars like dim signals gleam,
  Some snow-flakes fall silent anon,
The camp-fires smoulder beyond yonder hills,
  The shadows pass quietly on.

The owl from his warm nest hoots through the night,
  The echoes breed silly alarms,
But the sentinel heeds not, o'er living and dead,
  He's keeping his "vigil of arms."

All's well with my country when brave hearts stand thus,
  'Mid darkness and death, to defend her,
Of tyrant or traitor in vain the attempt
  To tarnish her unity's splendor.

JANUARY, 1864.

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

OCTOBER 19, 1864.

I.

TO horse, young warrior, spur thee fast,
There's battle discord in the blast,
To tune its chords to victory
Belongs, gay conqueror, to thee.

Speed fleeter than the rising wind,
Outstrip, if canst, thy fiery mind,
Columbia's eagle in its flight
Now emulate, as dost in might.

Press on, in thee thy country's fate,
Thy shattered squadrons for thee wait,
Triumphant treason shall it now
Snatch the fresh laurels from thy brow?

Give thy flecked steed Pegasus' wing,
A joy-fount from each hoof-beat spring,
The Muses each doth lead him on
To grander heights than Helicon.

For Tragedy sounds the warning note
That bids thee of disaster wote,
While History, Drama, Dance, and Song
Thy romance weave, as ridest along.

Nor shall the fair star-steerer's hope
Be wanting to thy horoscope:
Through blood and darkness yet shall rise
The orbs to stud thy hero skies.

And she, the muse of songful love,
Shall thee acclaim all knights above;
A nation's heart shall be the lyre
On which she'll strike her chords of fire.

Like some ghoul warrior of the Norse,
Power-panoplied flash down thy course;
In thee the legend old's defied,
For man waits battle's time and tide.

II.

Along each shattered line that waits
A vision darts, a word vibrates,
From man to man, from rear to van,
Oh, God, he comes! 'tis Sheridan!

As furls the standard round the staff,
As round the oak whirls Autumn's chaff,
As round the rock surge ocean's waves,
Round Sheridan so leap his braves.

Outward that living flag unfurls,
Outward the bruised chaff rewhirls,
Outward the rock sends back the waves,
Foeward hurls Sheridan his braves.

And then with one wild warlike crash
Straight through the foemen hosts they dash,
Those foes who thought the day to win
Are now as though they ne'er had been.

But o'er that war-stormed field of graves
The rainbow-flag in triumph waves,
A rival to the setting sun,
And signals: "Sheridan has won!"

With flowers wreathe the victor's bowl,
Let sparkling "Sherry" fire the soul,
Now Revelry with Victory sups,
Ho! Winchester, *thy* drinking-cups!

Fair Chambersburg, from ashes rise,
The joy of vengeance light thine eyes:
The palm cast in blue Shenandoah
Hath changed its waves like those of Marah.

And let the silver trumpets ring
Fanfaronades to Israel's King:
Who lengthed for Joshua daylight's span
Held victory's sun for Sheridan.

VIII.

TRANSLATIONS.

Here along the southern wall,
Keeps the bee his festival.

Austin Dobson.

[The following three of the seven great hymns of the Church are taken from "*Hymns of the Roman Office, Metrically Translated from the Missal and Breviary.*"]

DIES IRÆ.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

DAY of wrath! whose vengeful fire
Forms creation's funeral pyre,
Theme of seer and David's lyre.

O, how terrible the fearing,
When the potent Judge appearing,
Summons all to strictest hearing.

Hark! the trumpet's blast appalling
'Mid earth's myriad graveyards falling,
Round the throne their tenants calling.

Death and Nature see with wonder
The dead burst their tombs asunder,
Answering those tones of thunder.

Lo! the book all eyes engages,
From the record of whose pages
Comes the judgment of the ages.

From the Judge in glory seated
Nothing then shall stay secreted;
To each sin its due is meted.

Wretch ! what plea shall I then render?
Whom may I claim for defender?
When the saint scarce wins his splendor.

King of awful exaltation !
Who dost freely grant salvation,
Save me, fount of consolation.

This thought, Lord, do not refuse me,—
Thou a pilgrim cam'st to choose me,
Lest in that day Thou shouldst lose me.

Sought by Thee on wearying mission,
By Thy cross saved from perdition,
Shall such labor want fruition?

Judge of justice, vengeance dealing,
Of my sin grant Thou repealing
Ere the day of dread revealing.

All my soul within me groaning,
I my guilt in blushes owning,
Pity, Lord, thy suppliant's moaning.

Thou who Mary's bonds hast riven,
And the dying thief hast shriven,
To me also hope hast given.

My prayers merit nought but spurning,
But Thou, Lord, in mercy turning,
Save me from the endless burning.

'Mid the sheep may I be rated,
From the foul goats separated,
With those on Thy right hand mated.

When Thou the accurst indicting,
Giv'st them to hell's fiery biting,
Call me, 'mid the blest inviting.

Hear me, Lord, a suppliant bending,
Grief my heart to cinders spending,
Have the care Thou of my ending.

O, that day of dreadful weeping,
When those human ashes sleeping
Shall wake, forth to judgment leaping.

Spare me, Lord, Thy mercy showing,
Jesus, thy sweet rest bestowing
On them 'mid the clean flame glowing.

STABAT MATER.

STOOD the Mother tearful, anguished,
'Neath the cross, while Jesus languished
Thereon, through His agony.

Through her soul, with sorrow groaning,
All His bitter pains bemoaning,
Passed the sword of prophecy.

O ! how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother, ever blessed,
Of the sole begotten One.

Grief her every sense imbuing,
As she, shuddering, stood viewing
The throes of her glorious Son.

Who no tearful founts unsealing,
Still could bear in dread revealing
Christ's dear Mother's woe untold ?

Who could sorrow's sway controlling,
That fond Mother's dread condoling
With her Son, unmoved behold ?

For His own race unrelenting,
Saw she Him bear their tormenting,
All His frame with scourges rent.

Saw that Child, her delectation,
Dying, hang 'mid desolation,
While His Spirit forth He sent.

Then, O Mother, fount of loving,
Thy grief's force my spirit moving,
Grant that I may with thee weep.

Love's bright flame my heart dilating,
Christ, my Lord, conciliating,
Ever in my bosom keep.

Holy Mother, grant this blessing,
On my heart the wounds impressing,
Of Him who was crucified.

Thy Son's pangs with me dividing,
Who those wounds and tortures biding.
For me worthily hath died.

Flow my tears, with thine e'er blending,
Thy Son's woe my spirit rending,
Until death shall be at hand.

Near the cross my vigil keeping,
In thy grief my spirit steeping,
With thee may I constant stand.

Virgin, than all virgins fairer,
Be to me a gracious hearer,
Let my tears with thine e'er fall.

Let me, Christ's death in me bearing,
In His sacred passion sharing,
Fondly His blest wounds recall.

With those wounds me penetrating,
Me His cross inebriating,
Thy Son's love let mine repay.

Lest in quenchless flames I perish,
Virgin, with thy succor, cherish
Me upon the judgment day.

May I, on the cross relying,
Christ's death my soul fortifying,
In the strength of grace e'er rise.

Let me, Lord, when life is ending,
Thy sweet Mother me befriending,
Gain at length the victor's prize.

When with death my frame is riven,
Be a life of glory given
To my soul, in Paradise.

LAUDA SION.

From the Latin of St. Thomas of Aquin.

SION, sound thy Saviour's praise,
To thy prince and pastor raise
Tribute hymns and dulcet lays.

His worth in grandest pæans tell,
Though with thy boldest strains they swell,
He all thy praise will far excel.

Special burthens from among
Be to-day thy theme of song,
The sacred bread life-giving, strong.

This the same celestial food
Upon the brethren twelve bestowed,
At that last most sacred board.

Then let thy notes sonorous roll,
Majestic, sweet, free from control,
Telling thy jubilee of soul.

This day, with solemn pageants bright,
Recalls the supper of that night
Whence dates this Eucharistic rite.

In this new feast of the new king,
The new law's Paschal offering
The Ancient Phase to end doth bring.

New rites replace the ancient sway,
Prefiguring shades flee truth's pure ray,
Night's doubt is changed to faith's bright day.

What Christ in the last supper wrought,
With mystic memory of Him fraught,
We still repeat, as He hath taught.

Learned from these lessons all divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine
Into the host, salvation's sign.

This belief by Christians understood,
The bread is changed to flesh, our food,
The wine converted into blood.

Where sense doth fail to comprehend
What doth the human sight transcend,
Faith with adoring knee doth bend.

'Neath outward forms that greet the eye,
Though signs, not things, we here descry,
Hid elements exquisite lie.

Now though this flesh and blood is ta'en
As bread and wine, a species twain,
Christ 'neath each form doth whole remain.

Exempt from separation's rule,
Though broken, e'er remaining sole,
By each receiver taken whole.

Though one receive the whole blest cake,
The same for countless souls we break,
What none consume all equal take.

The good receive, the bad presume
This sacred banquet to consume,
But oh, how different their doom !

The wicked death, life the elect
Deriving hence, a wide effect,
In those the taking doth connect.

All doubts aside, this thought retain,
That when the host in parts is lain,
They each the former whole contain.

The sign, and not the signified,
Is all that we can here divide,
With nought ta'en from the typified.

Behold this true angelic bread,
Whereon God's pilgrim sons are fed,
No feast herein for dogs is spread.

In ancient figures preordained,
In Isaac and the lamb unstained,
The mystic bread from heaven rained.

Jesus, Good Shepherd, hear our cry:
Have mercy, True Bread, strength supply,
And let us share Thy bliss on high.

Thou source of knowledge and of grace,
Who at this feast dost grant us space.
At Thy saints' banquet give us place.
Amen.

VESPER HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

AUGUST 28, 1873.

TRANSLATED BY REQUEST FROM THE AUGUSTINIAN OFFICE.

MAGNE PATER AUGUSTINE.

GREAT Augustine, mighty father,
Hear the prayers we raise to thee,
Us unto our Lord Creator
Linking by their unity;
Ruling too thy flock among,
Pride of all the mitred throng.

Thou of poverty the lover,
All the poor thy praise proclaim;
Thou of truth the bold asserter,
All who know it love thy name;
Since its sweetness dost dispense
From the Scriptures' excellence.

All the lessons therein hidden
By thy eloquence made plain;
Breaking the rich bread of doctrine
Which the Saviour's words contain;
Proffering life's heavenly balms
From the nectar of the psalms.

For the blesséd life monastic
  Thou didst write the sacred rule,
Whereby all its fond disciples
  Here their souls for Heaven school,
And following where thou hast led,
Their royal pathway homeward tread.

To the King of kings salvation,
  Life and glorious power be ;
Sempiternal praise and honor
  To the endless Trinity,
Who makes our names to shine enrolled
Among the saints in glory scrolled.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE IV.

TO LUCIUS SESTIUS, CONSUL.

Solvitur Acris Hiems.

SOFTENED now is Winter's rigor 'neath sweet Spring's
Favonian kiss,
Engines to the water draw again the parchéd keels,
No more seeks the flock in stalls, nor by the hearth the plough-
man, bliss,
Nor with hoar frosts longer whitened, glisten now the fields.

Now Cytherean Venus leads her chorus 'neath the favoring
moon,
While the lovely Graces joinéd with the Nymphic choirs
Thrill the earth beneath their footsteps' gaily alternating tune,
And the flame-souled Vulcan Cyclopean forges fires.

Now with myrtle green let each one his anointed head entwine,
Or with flower freshly pluckéd from earth's pregnant breast,
While in duteous immolation, at each leaf-embowered shrine,
To Faunus lamb or kid we offer, as it please him best.

Pale death shakes, with foot impartial, paupers' cot and
princes' towers.
Happy Sestius ! life's brief span denies our long-lived hope.
Night already lowers o'er thee, with the fabled shadowy
powers,
Through the cheerless halls Plutonian thou begin'st to grope.

Neither while thou vainly wander'st through those shades of
endless gloom,
Shalt thou by the dice's luck the banquet's garland claim,
Nor lithe Lycidas admire, charming now with youthful bloom,
Anon the more with ripening grace he'll maiden bosoms
flame.

LE MONTAGNARD EMIGRÉ.

"COMBIEN J'AI DOUCE SOUVENANCE."

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

I.

HOW sweet in memory's magic glance,
Dear sister, like some beauteous trance,
Glide back again our childhood's days in France.
My native land! where'er I stray,
Thy love shall cheer my pilgrim way.

II.

Oh, canst forget our childish mirth,
When we beside our cottage-hearth,
With rapture sought her arms, who gave us birth?
And on her knees, a blissful pair,
With kisses dewed her golden hair.

III.

And dost remember, furthermore,
The castle bathéd by the Dore;
The Moorish tower built in the days of yore,
Whose brazen gong, as night grew wan,
So garrulously hailed the dawn?

IV.

Forget'st the little lake, scarce stirred
By drooping wing of passing bird,
How 'mong its fickle reeds the zephyr whirred?
Or how upon its roseate breast
The sun so softly sunk to rest?

V.

Or hast forgotten that fair maid,
My sole companion, as I strayed,
A careless happy dreamer, through the glade;
Where, plucking oft the woodland flower,
We heart to heart proved love's sweet power?

VI.

Oh, who will give me back again
The mount, the great oak, and Helène?
Their memory burdens all my days with pain.
My native land! while throbs my heart,
Its love from thee shall ne'er depart.

ST. ALPHONSUS'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY HIMSELF TO GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Tu scendi dalle Stelle
O re del cielo,
E vieni in uno grotto
Al freddo al gelo
O Bambino,
Mio divino,
Io te vedo qui tremar
O Dio beato
O quanto ti costò
L'averci amato.

THOU comest from Thy star-girt throne
O, King of the empyrean realm!
And liest a babe, 'mid snow and cold,
Within the grot of Bethlehem.
Sweet Babe divine!
O, Saviour mine!
Whom shivering here in pain I see;
O, God e'er blest,
What great behest
Thy love has paid to set us free.

I see Thee here, creation's Lord,
The source of every good,
Subjected to Thy creatures' hands,
In want of light and food.
Dear chosen One!
Thou victim Son!
The greater Thine abandonment,
Me more doth move
Thy greater love
That makes Thee thus a mendicant.

Why didst Thou leave Thy blissful home,
The Godhead's fruitful breast,
And seek, upon a little straw,
The manger's rugged rest?
What urged this test,
O, Loveliest!
To such a love beyond control?
Why suffer here,
My Jesus dear?
To save, for aye, my guilty soul.

But since Thy ardent love for us
Hath made Thee stoop so low,
Since suffering was Thy willing choice,
These tears whence do they flow?
Spouse of my soul,
The cruel dole

That dims with tears those loving eyes,
Is not the pain
That Thou hast ta'en,
'Tis part of Love's free sacrifice.

Thou weep'st to see Thy wondrous love
E'en by Thine own ignored;
Thou weep'st to find my stubborn heart
With Thine beats no accord.
O, sweetest Guest,
Of the contrite breast,
If hitherto I've spurned Thy love,
No more lament,
I now repent,
And yearn for Thee all else above.

Now though Thine eyes, sweet little One,
Are closed in gentlest sleep,
Thy loving heart through all the while
Doth still its vigils keep.
O, beauteous Lord!
Pure Lamb of God!
Tell me what breaks Thy sweet repose?
O, thought intense!
O, love immense!
Thou dream'st e'en now of Calvary's woes.

Since thou wilt love me thus, O Lord !
  E'en to a cruel death,
May I in loving only Thee
  Spend out my every breath.
    O, Mother fair !
    List, thou, my prayer !
If e'er I fail to love thy Son,
    Deign to supply
    What I deny,
Love Him for me, O, perfect one !

A THOUGHT FROM METASTASIO.

L'onda dal mar divisa,
Bagna la valle e la monte,
Va passagiera in fiume ;
Va prisogniera in fonte,
Murmura sempre e geme,
Fin che non tornar al mar.

THE wave dissevered from its ocean wave,
  Alike the valley and the mount doth lave,
A pilgrim down the river's tide it flows,
A prisoner is led within the fountain's close.
The while in plaintive croon or rock-dashed wail it yearns,
So long as ne'er it to its parent sea returns.

TO A PICTURE OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Luigi Angelico,
Dal vostro viso
Di paradiso
Spira beltá

A voi la terra
Fiori vermigli
O Rosei gigli
Pari non ha.

SWEET Aloysius, in thine eyes,
A depth of angel beauty lies,
That breatheth spells of Paradise.

Earth doth not on its bosom bear,
A crimson rose or lily fair,
That can with thy chaste charms compare.

AVE MARIA.

FROM MEYERBEER'S OPERA "THE HUGENOTS," THE TRANSLATION METRICALLY ADAPTED TO THE ORIGINAL MUSIC.

Ave Maria
O Vergen pia,
Prega il Signor
Pel peccator!
Sempre Sei stella
Nella procella,
E dall' error,
Ne Salvi Ognor!
Salve O Maria,
O Vergen pia.

AVE Maria!
Pitying maiden,
For us sin-laden
Pray thou the Lord,
Star e'er assuaging
The storm's fiercest raging,
On error's darkness
Be thy beams poured.
Salve Maria,
Thy love accord.

Θελω. Λεγειν Ατρειδας

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

OF Atreus' sons I fain would sing,
And Cadmus' praises gladly ring,
But that my lyre's amorous string
Sounds love alone.

New chords for newer themes I strung,
While late Herculean tasks I sung,
But still the stubborn wires rung
Love's monotone.

Therefore, henceforth, for me, farewell
The music of the hero's spell,
The single echo of my shell
Is Eros' own.

ENVOY.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

OFT when we struggle we do not win,
Often we win when we do not struggle;
Thus Chance plays with hopes as with dice at an inn,
Thus Fortune delights with our tempers to juggle.

Yet, not vain the effort that loses the prize,
Nor certain the scheme that gains Fate's caresses:
'Tis patience and trustfulness, clad in the guise
Of labor and duty fulfilled, that God blesses.

FINIS.

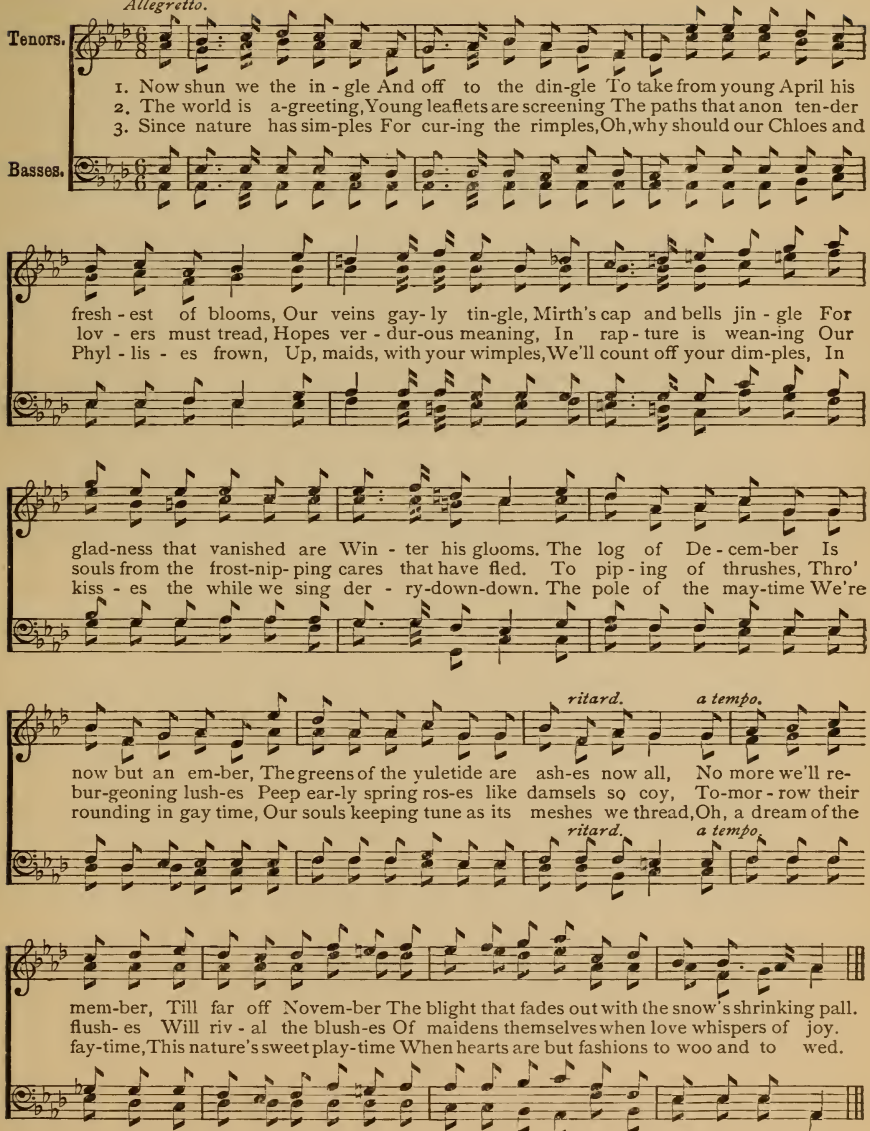
After labour take thine ease,
Here with the sweet Pierides.
Herrick.

ROUNDEL FOR ROSETIME.

ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES.

C. H. A. ESLING. H. A. CLARKE.

Allegretto.


Tenors.
Basses.
1. Now shun we the in - gle And off to the din-gle To take from young April his
2. The world is a-greeting, Young leaflets are screening The paths that anon ten-der
3. Since nature has sim-ples For cur-ing the rimples, Oh, why should our Chloes and
fresh - est of blooms, Our veins gay- ly tin-gle, Mirth's cap and bells jin - gle For
lov - ers must tread, Hopes ver - dur-ous meaning, In rap - ture is wean-ing Our
Phyl - lis - es frown, Up, maids, with your wimples, We'll count off your dim-ples, In
glad-ness that vanished are Win - ter his glooms. The log of De - cem-ber Is
souls from the frost-nip- ping cares that have fled. To pip - ing of thrushes, Thro'
kiss - es the while we sing der - ry-down-down. The pole of the may-time We're
ritard.
a tempo.
now but an em-ber, The greens of the yuletide are ash-es now all, No more we'll re-
bur-geoning lush-es Peep ear-ly spring ros-es like damsels so coy, To-mor - row their
rounding in gay time, Our souls keeping tune as its meshes we thread, Oh, a dream of the
ritard.
a tempo.
mem-ber, Till far off Novem-ber The blight that fades out with the snow's shrinking pall.
flush- es Will riv - al the blush-es Of maidens themselves when love whispers of joy.
fay-time, This nature's sweet play-time When hearts are but fashions to woo and to wed.

APPENDIX.

NOTES TO TEXT.

Page 155. Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin was, for over a quarter of a century, the universally beloved little French pastor of old St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley, Philadelphia.

Page 159. Very Rev. Patrick Eugene Moriarty, D.D , O.S.A., was born on the 4th of July, 1805, at Mount Joy Place, a beautiful sequestered spot in the City of Dublin, Ireland. His early life was marked by an aptness in many proficiencies which invariably predicts a career of great usefulness, while the subordinate personal qualities won for him the friendship of the narrow world of youthfulness, which gradually expanded into an almost universal admiration. He entered, in 1820, the order of the Hermits of St. Augustine, at their Novitiate House at Callon, in the County of Kilkenny. In 1821 he began his course of philosophy, and soon demonstrated to those who had his mental culture in charge the depth of comprehension that was in him. At the age of 16 he was sent to Rome by direction of his superiors. The journey, to the youthful ecclesiastic, was a solitary one, and the many trials and vicissitudes which he encountered during his lonely and tedious wanderings over sea and mountains furnished the source for many an anecdote which subsequently enchanted his crowded audiences. In 1824 he arrived in the Holy City, and on November 25th of that year, the feast of St. Catherine, the patroness of philosophy, he received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology In the course of this beautiful and impressive ceremony the cap and ring, furnished by the convent church of San Agostino, was bestowed upon the youthful student by the illustrious Augustinians, Dozle, Bishop of Kildare, and Bishop Leighton. Subsequently Dr. Moriarty was sent to the convent in John Street, Dublin, where he was brought in immediate contact with the great men of that important epoch. The famous Malloy and the learned and sainted Gahan, one of the greatest preachers of his day, welcomed and encouraged the young

divine. At Dublin he waited for a long time the result of an appeal made by his superiors to the British Government for missionaries to the Augustinian province of Madras, India. Meantime he labored in the cause of his faith in England. At length, in 1834, he was sent to India in company with Bishop Daniel O'Connor, of Saldes, who was then appointed Bishop of Madras. No sooner had he arrived in India than he was appointed Vicar General of that region, and in this capacity he labored faithfully for five years among the natives and Europeans, the citizens and soldiery, the lepers and unfortunates of every character, moral and physical, who then so thronged that eastern country. Added to this great task were his duties as first chaplain of the British forces stationed in Madras. It was during his stay in India that the genial doctor came in contact with the characters upon which Lever framed his famous novel of Charles O'Malley. The mess-room stories of the officers of the British army at Madras formed the basis of many an anecdote in the entertaining lectures and conversations of the Augustinian priest. In 1839 he was called to Rome, that he might render an account of his stewardship in India to the Propaganda. His report, upon reaching the Eternal City, was copious and explicit in every particular. So pleased was the Pope with the result of his mission that he appointed him coadjutor to the Bishops of Madras, and charged him with the delivery of important bulls in their country. At this period of his useful life, one hemisphere had sung his praise and another was soon to re-echo his fame. Europe and Asia had testified to the greatness of the man, while the Church throughout the globe recognized his native oratory, so brilliant and varied. In 1839 he was sent to Philadelphia to aid the little band of Augustinians in carrying on their work, begun by the estimable and learned Dr. Carr, in 1790.

On the 4th of July he landed in America, at Philadelphia, and immediately assumed the pastoral authority of St. Augustine's Church, in that city, with its entailed control of the Augustinian Order in America. In this position he remained during the eventful years of 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1843, while the riots of 1844, which razed his church to the ground, did not cause him to falter in his trust. Subsequently he was called to Europe, for the purpose of raising funds to

rebuild his church. In Dublin he was received with great warmth and enthusiasm. Daniel O'Connell, as chairman of the Irish Repeal Association, introduced him to that body and otherwise exerted himself in furthering the object of the distinguished clergyman's visit.

In 1847 Dr. Moriarty again went to Rome, where he was made Assistant General of his Order for the provinces of Ireland and America.

He founded Villa Nova College, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, and in 1854 was made its President, a position which he retained for several years. He did much to build up the claims of his faith, and established for himself an enduring reputation. In polemical exposition of dogma few were his equals. The breadth of his reading was almost beyond compass. He was a poet of no mean repute, rich and strong in his use of language, and the possessor of a more than ordinary fund of humor and mimicry. He was a copious writer of books, some of which are regarded as models of style. During his eventful life he formed the acquaintance and friendship of Lord Byron, Daniel Webster, Tom Moore, Cardinals Mezzafonti and McCloskey, Archbishop Hughes, and Dr. Brownson. In his latter days, he was made Rector of St. Mary's Church, Chestnut Hill, where he lived several years, and finally retired to the classic shades of Villa Nova, where, surrounded by his clerical brethren, he peacefully passed away, July 10, 1875.

Page 164. Very Rev. E. J. Sourin, for many years Vicar General of the Diocese of Philadelphia. He subsequently entered the Jesuit Order.

Page 169. Sister Mary Euphrasia Belson, S.N.D., born 1828, near Plymouth, Devonshire, England, a sister of Admiral Belson, of the English navy. She was educated at Trelawney Castle and at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Penn Ryn, Cornwall, and walked with her fellow-pupils in the royal procession to Westminster Abbey at the coronation of Queen Victoria. She afterwards joined the Order by which she had been educated. At the close of her novitiate, at Namur, Belgium, and after teaching a short time in the convent at Brussels, she joined the first colony of her Order which

came to America, in 1842. She was remarkably proficient in music and singing, and taught those branches at her convent schools of Cincinnati and Chillicothe, Ohio, and for many years at Philadelphia, in the houses of the Order on Spring Garden Street and West Rittenhouse Square, where she died, December 5, 1873. She was among the first to introduce into America, and to render popular here, the beautiful French canticles of Lambillotte, several of which are referred to by title in the poem dedicated to her memory.

Page 173. Mrs. Kehoe, *née* Eliza Bennet, of England, was the ward of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., the famous scientist, reared and educated by him at his home, Lawn Villa, near London; Dion Boucicault, then a young collegian, being at the same time one of the household. Among her intimate companions, at the time, was Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the celebrated English poetess. Miss Bennet accompanied Dr. Lardner on his first visit to America, where she married Mr. Dominic Kehoe, a brother of the well-known Miss Mary Kehoe, of New York, at whose select school so many of the *èlite* of that city, young ladies of a former generation, were educated.